

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,  
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

### AFTER THE BATTLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY CLARA DOTY.

Grey-hooded like a friar  
Is the high mountain-top;  
The East is all on fire;  
The rain begins to drop  
As morning opens slowly  
The leaden lid of sky,  
That hid night's visage holy  
From his red and wakeful eye.

Night that did kindly slide  
The battery's flaming smoke;—  
Silenced the deadly rifle;—  
Palsied the sword's keen stroke;—  
Gave little cheer to any,  
No victory, no gain;  
But endless rest to many,  
To many life-long pain!

Here in their sluggish courses  
Crawl little pools of gore;  
There stark and stiff lie horses  
That gallant riders bore:  
That gallant riders bore:  
With dumb but strong reliance,  
They followed the mad rein,  
Met the fierce foe defiance;  
Now lie with human slain.

This figure small and slender,  
All soiled the soldier's dress;  
The face so young and tender  
A mother's hand should bless!  
The face so young and tender,  
The hair so soft a gold!  
A bullet through the forehead!  
He never will grow old!

This right arm cleft asunder,  
That sturdy blows withstood;  
The damp earth lying under,  
Black with the flowing blood!  
This still face upward turned,  
All heedless of the rain,  
Unknown that the morning  
Dawns on the earth again!

Those thirsted lips that languish,  
And moan with every breath;  
The eyes upturned in anguish,  
Pleading for help or death!  
These pitiful, pale faces,  
Watching for help to come,  
Yearning for distant places,  
For mother, and for home!

God! earth already covers  
Too many a gallant breast!  
We pray on whose rosettes  
Are fighting with the west;  
We daughters and our mothers,  
Heart-broken for our dead;  
We sisters, whose dear brothers  
Lie in some nameless bed;

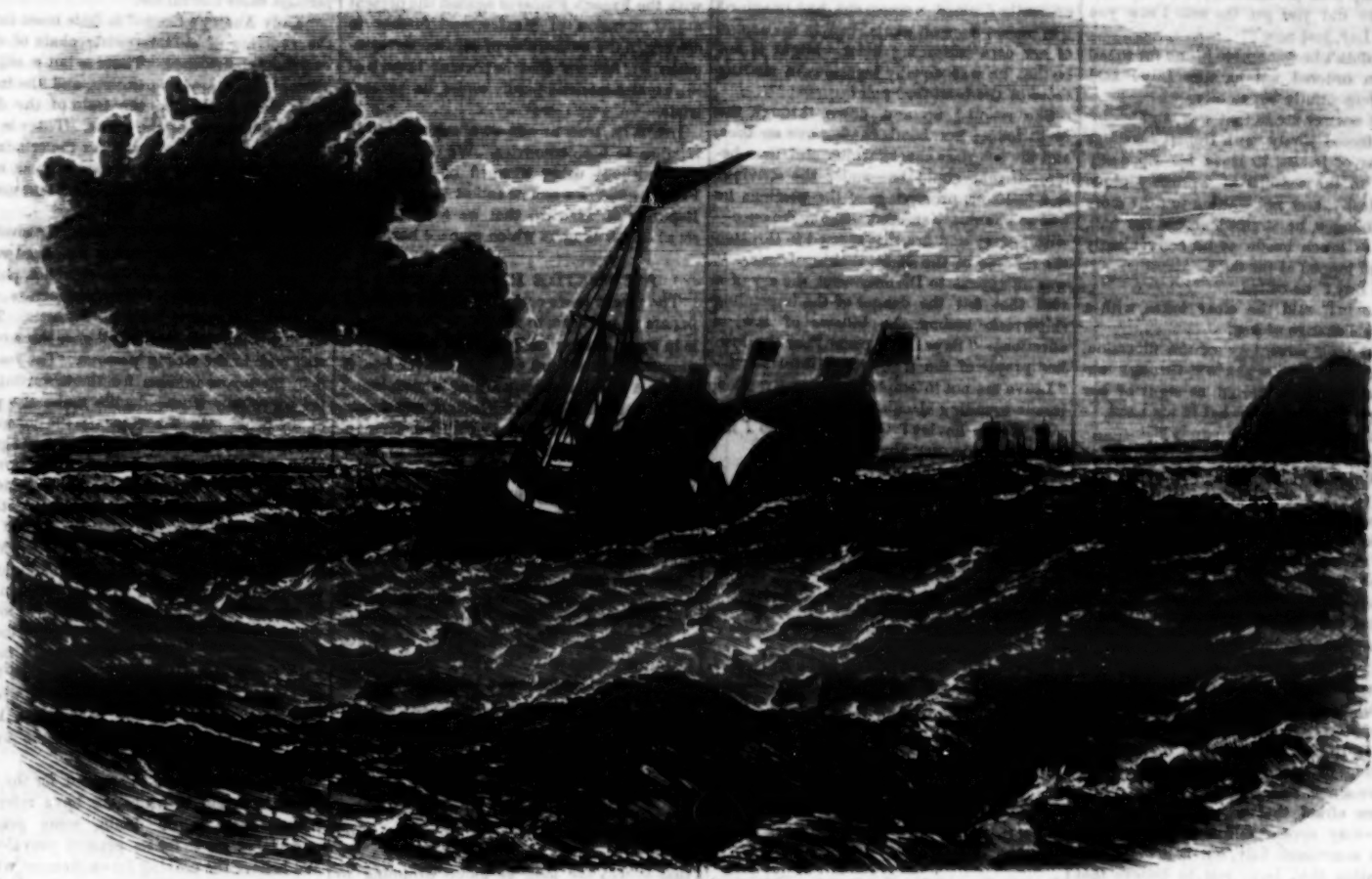
Of every town and city,  
In prayer, oh, God! to Thee!  
Beg for Thy tender pity,  
Nor let this longer be!  
Look on this desolation,  
And bid the conflict cease!  
To our beloved nation,  
Give VICTORY! give PEACE!

FROM DR. WATTS.—Was the Rev. Dr. Watts a seer as well as a priest and a poet? In his Hymns, Book 1, hymn 99, he says:—

"Vain are the hopes that REBELS place  
Upon their arms and blood,  
Descended from a pious race,  
Their fathers now with God.

"He from the caves of earth and hell  
Can take the hardest stones,  
And fill the house of ABRAHAM well  
With new created sons."

On this great battle-field of life, God sets the position, God arranges us, and puts us in our places. We may desert, we may run away, we may lie down; but the position is not of our choosing, but of God's.



A CANADIAN STEAMER PASSING THE LACHINE RAPIDS ON THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.

Our picture illustrates one of the lively episodes of travel on the St. Lawrence. Running a rapid on this river is at all times an exciting operation, whether it be done in a birch bark canoe, or in a steamer, as represented in the engraving. When the vessel approaches the rapid, a pilot—specially chosen for the purpose—takes charge of the wheel; extra hands stand by to assist; while several others go aft to the tiller, to be ready to steer the ship by its means should the wheel-tackle give way. The captain places himself by the wheelhouse, ready with his bell to communicate with the engineer. The steamer plunges into the broken

water, heaves and falls, rolls from side to side, and labors as if in a heavy sea; the engine is eased, and the vessel is carried forward with great rapidity. Sometimes she appears to be rushing headlong on to some frightful rock that shows its black crest above the white foam of the breakers; in the next instant she has shot

by it, and is making a contrary course; and so she threads her way through the crooked channel. A few minutes generally suffice for this, and the smooth green water is reached again; then all breathe freely, for none excepting old Baliste, the Indian pilot, ever run the great rapid of Lachine but with bated breath.

There was nothing on the surface of this speech to call forth the gasp and wince of surprise or pain with which Lily drew in her breath, yet Helen remarked these, and also the sudden quietness of manner with which she next spoke.

### COLONEL FLOYD'S WARDS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MARION HARLAND,

Author of "ALONE," "THE HIDDEN PATH," "MIRIAM," &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

#### CHAPTER III.

Helen Gardner sat sewing, with her maid, in her chamber upon the following day, when Virginia Shore and Lily burst in upon her quiet. They had just returned from a shopping expedition to the neighboring hamlet, dignified by the name of a village. "Guess who has come at last!"

"Whom do you think we met at the Post Office?" they cried in concert.

"The Queen of England—or a peer of the realm at the very least—if one may judge from the state into which the encounter has thrown you both!" responded Helen with provoking coolness.

"Pshaw! nonsense! make a real guess!" insisted Virginia.

"The Great Mogul, or the Emperor of Timbuctoo—possibly, the Lord High Chamberlain of her Majesty, the Empress of Bortoboola-Gha!" was Helen's next attempt.

"Sally! take these young ladies' bonnets and shawls, and set chairs for them!" She went on with her needlework, which was a portion of her trousseau.

"A more interesting person than any you have yet named!" Lily walked up to her cousin, and slipped her little hand under her chin, that she might better study her expression, as the news was communicated, "Alexander the Great!"

"Certainly the most distinguished Layman of this region!" Virginia supplied an additional hint.

If there were suspicious scrutiny in the gaze which Lily would have had convey only the impression of arch mirthfulness, its end was foiled for that time. Helen calmly released her face from the hold of the pretty hand.

"Indeed! he has arrived unexpectedly! His friends did not look for him until next week, at the earliest, I hope he is in good plight."

"Superb! magnificent! irresistible!" rejoined Virginia, clasping her fingers and rolling up her eyes in tragicomic earnestness. "Oh, my poor, stricken heart!"

"Let Sally unhook your dress, so that the afflicted organ can thump more freely!" recommended Helen. "Or, if the palpitation is very alarming, try a little hartshorn and lavender!"

"Is that what you take when you are thus affected?" questioned the young lady, plaintively.

"Always!" Helen answered gravely.

"Then, Sally! if hartshorn be the cure of love, bring it on!"

She actually made the amused hand-maid pour out a few drops of the sedative mixture into a glass and dilute the potion with water, then drank it off, and executed a grimace.

"Faugh! what stuff! the remedy is worse than the disease!"

Lily looked supremely disdainful of all this nonsense.

"How can you act so ridiculously, Virginia? And you have not once thought to deliver your irresistible message to Helen!"

The needlewoman's complexion did vary slightly at this, and the swift motion of her hand was less even.

"Message! he sent none by me! It was Mr. Robert Lay, who said that they intended riding over, this afternoon."

"I beg your pardon!" said Lily, positively. "but my ears are unfortunately quick, and assuredly heard him begin a sentence to you, *sotto voce*—with 'And my quondam playfellow, Helen—I was too honorable to listen any longer.'"

"Indeed, my dear child, your ears deceived you for once. I have no recollection of any such language, or if it was used, I said that myself!" denied the rattle. "I was talking about Helen, part of the time, but there was only a single sentence spoken on the subject, I am sure."

"That was what you two were whispering about, at the carriage-door, was it?"

"I shall not tell you!"

Virginia's color arose suspiciously, although she still laughed. Helen set her teeth and held her peace, while Lily sneered significantly.

"Oh, well! it is none of my business! I introduced the matter because I supposed that Helen would be glad to get the affectionate greeting which I supposed was committed to your trust by her brother-in-law, that is to be. Neely, dear! we—Virginia and I, have been talking heresy on our way home. We have decided that you did not display your best taste in your selection. The elder and dark-haired brother is unquestionably the handsomer man of the two."

"Tastes differ!" replied Helen. "Yours and mine often do, Lily!"

There was nothing on the surface of this speech to call forth the gasp and wince of surprise or pain with which Lily drew in her breath, yet Helen remarked these, and also the sudden quietness of manner with which she next spoke.

"I am very negligent! I must go and see if I can give mamma (so she always called Mrs. Floyd), any assistance in her preparations for dinner. I am growing heartily tired of dining days!"

Helen sewed on in silence when she had gone, and her sedate, almost stern composure was an uncomfortable damper upon Virginia's merry mood.

"Do give me some sewing, Neely! something that will keep these idle hands out of the mischief, which somebody, who must not be mentioned, always finds for such to do!"

"I have nothing ready besides what we are doing, thank you!"

"Your dresses are to be made in Baltimore, are they not?"

"That is the only decent and comfortable way of getting up a trousseau, to commit it to the profession."

"It is the least troublesome."

A protracted silence, ended by a desperate effort at renewed liveliness on the part of the chatter-box.

"Dear me! I don't wonder you grow sober and thoughtful and matronly before your time, sitting here, all chattering eternally upon your wedding-clothes! The very sight of mine would frighten me out of courage and wits together! If I am ever married, it must be upon half an hour's engagement. I should change my mind, if I had leisure to reflect seriously upon what was before me. Honor bright, now, Neely, Sally! Mrs. Floyd is calling you! There is nobody but our two selves here now, dear, and I can be the soul of secrecy when I choose—don't you sometimes get a little, just a tiny bit out of the notion of marrying even so charming and lovable a fellow as Robert Lay—if he does adore you? It must be nice to be adored, though! I wish somebody would help me to a personal experience upon the subject!"

"If it were only a 'notion,' I have no doubt that I should, now and then, waver in my intention," said Helen—"probably reverse it completely."

"You mean, then, that it was something more substantial than a fancy for his sweet smile, his beautiful eyes and matchless whiskers, that induced you to say 'yes,' when he popped the question?"

"I do!"

Helen sustained the *savvy* examination unflinchingly.

"And you really—excuse my impertinence!"

but I am an humble, sincere and earnest inquirer after truth, particularly since I have seen the repentant Alexander—and you really and truly love this man, whom you are to take by the hand, with all your heart, soul and strength, and are resolved, henceforward, forsaking all others, to cleave to him and him alone; to love, honor and obey, so long as you both shall live!"

"When the proper time for putting that question arrives, I shall be prepared with an answer."

Another freezing silence.

"Have I offended you? It is only poor, foolish, rattle-pated Ginnie, remember!" pleaded the visitor at length. "I am going off to dress for dinner now. I have a new dress which is perfectly heavenly! The effect upon Aleck's heart must be great—but I shall not enjoy it one whit unless you assure me that you are not angry with me."

"Have I ever been out of temper with you?" Helen's likeness thawed as she saw the half-roguish, half-penitent face. "I know what valuation to put upon your words, Ginnie. You would never give your worst enemy a sly thrust in the dark, or stab one to the heart, under pretence of a friendly jest!"

"Of course I wouldn't be guilty of any such shocking things! And we are quite friends now, aren't we? I'll never try to put you through Cupid's catechism again so long as my name is Virginia Shore, and yours Helen Gardner. I will wait until you exchange it for Helen Lay. My! isn't that beautiful? Kiss me, and I am gone!"

Helen locked the door after her.

"I could not have borne it two minutes longer! Poor, weak, pitiful fool that I am! whom straws like these can pierce to the quick! Oh! how I hate myself!" She struck hard upon her breast with her clenched hand. "And he dared to send a light message to me! could speak jestingly of our former intercourse to that headless, giddy creature! It was like him! His behavior has the merit of consistency, to say no more!"

She took a note from her work box. Robert had sent it to her that morning, and thereby prepared her to expect the tidings brought by the girls.

"My dearest Helen,

"Picture, as your affectionate heart will teach you to do, my surprise and happiness at finding Aleck here when I returned home! I think I have never been happier (excepting once), in all my life than I am this moment, as I scribble this, and the blessed old fellow sits smiling, watching my nervous, wayward fingers—unmanageable through very joy. He is well and better-looking than ever; true as steel;

good as gold! the same noble, generous soul whom we parted with so sadly when our trip was broken two years ago. What do you think of his having divined our secret as to provide himself with a wedding present for you before leaving Paris? Ah, the surprise for me I have treasured up against his arrival, is all thrown away. I always knew that his instincts were unusually keen. I suppose you will slyly intimate that maybe I am deficient in the art of keeping a secret. I do not deny it when the person to be kept in the dark is one I love.

"I write to notify you that you may expect a visit from us to-day—if agreeable to yourself. We shall probably be with you at dinner-time. Aleck is naturally impatient to see you again, and when did I fail to avail myself of any, and every opportunity of seeing your presence?"

"In haste, but none the less fondly, your own

She went over it twice; she had read it many times before—the proud lines of her features hardening at each word; rereading it, and deliberately thrust it into the fire. Then, she unlocked her door; rang up her maid and began a studied toilette for dinner.

There was other company expected to partake of that repast. The Floyds kept an open house from one year's end to the other, and these impromptu dinner-parties were, at the lowest computation, of semi-weekly occurrence. One or two families from the neighborhood were bidden, on the occasion, as the nominal nucleus of the social gathering, and to this, Lily and Virginia had, in the course of their morning's drive, added several other cavaliers besides the brothers Lay. When Aleck and Robert presented themselves in the parlor, their ears were muted by the hum of many voices, and they beheld divers knots of talkers scattered about the room. Mrs. Floyd entertained four or five matrons, seated upon a sofa and in rocking-chairs in one corner; the colonel had his cluster of politicians and fox-hunters upon the hearth at the far end of the apartment; Virginia Shore was "carrying on" in her most extravagant style, standing in the middle of the floor, surrounded by a levy of beaux, and Lily Calvert, more ethereal than was common, even with her, in her blue silk robe, her sloping shoulders veiled thinly by a tulle cape, had her coterie at a little distance from her vivacious friend.

Upon none of these personages, individually or collectively, did the eyes of the fresh arrivals rest for more than a second. Robert was quick to observe that Helen stood by the western window, chatting with Tom Shore, and that she was very beautiful, as seen in the rich glow of the sunshine, streaming through the crimson curtain; and having made his bow to hostess and host, waited impatiently for the subsidence of the buzz of welcome and congratulation, that swelled to welcome and around Aleck. The traveller received his old friends with great apparent heartiness and a subdued show of joviality; had a cheery word and a hand-grip for the gentlemen, and a pretty speech for each lady, young and old. Virginia Shore began to think, as she marked his progress from one to another of the fair ones, who vied with their fathers and brothers in the warmth of their greetings, that she had acted very foolishly—very, indeed, she expressed it to herself—in hoarding up, as something too beautiful and precious to be told to Lily and Helen, the sugared nothings he had breathed into her willing ear, at the carriage-door, that forenoon.

All this time Robert did not approach his betrothed;—made his smile and bow, from afar off, the testimonials that he acknowledged and rejoiced in her presence. He wished to present his brother with himself before her. Nor did she stir from her position, or manifest the slightest agitation at her entrance. She looked at Aleck, as politeness advised and curiosity seemed to dictate, when Tom Shore remarked aside upon his tanned cheek and hirsute ornaments, assented naturally, yet nonchalantly, to that youth's refined asseveration that "Lay was a blained handsome fellow, in spite of his dark skin and Turkish beard." This was generous for Tom thought himself an Adonis, and his skin was like milk and roses, his hair fair and curly, his "love of a mouth" thick as wild carmine; his cleft chin innocent of whiskers, or, north to say, any promise of the same. At last, patient waiting had its reward in Robert's bearing off the prize, and the two nearest Miss Gardner. She advanced a step—a queen could not have done less—and held out a hand, that was neither chill nor tremulous, to salute the wanderer.

"We are glad to see you at home again, Mr. Lay! You have taken all your friends by surprise. Had you a pleasant voyage?"

And yet she was standing, her hand in his, upon the spot where she had heard his hasty, passionate farewell; where he had pressed the pledge ring upon her finger! involuntarily, he glanced down. It was not there! In place of the plain gold circlet, there sparkled a diamond hoop—his be-



her's girl. What else could he have expected? If she noticed the look—quite as a flash of light—no one else did, nor did she. She was the first to notice the change in his expression.

"Very pleasant, thank you, swift and smooth—as Time seems to have flowed for the old acquaintances I meet here to-day. I cannot realize that twice around the globe have passed since I left the homestead and my boyhood's companions, since the evening of our parting, Miss Helen! By the way, it took place in the drawing-room, did it not?"

"I believe it did!" as calmly courteous as himself.

"Here you shed the parting tear, To crown the scene from."

said Tom Shore, who, like his sister, was addicted to quotations from latter-day poets, or, more correctly speaking, rhymesters and song-writers.

"Easily—with the trifling difference that ours was dry-eyed mourning," answered Aleck.

"You cannot take exception to the concluding lines of the verse," said Helen.

"Now, I'm once again with those, Who gladly greet me home."

Your 'Home again' is too obviously an occasion of unalloyed and general rejoicing for you to question its heartiness."

"Thank you!" He bowed profoundly. "I do you the justice to believe you sincere at all times, and in all that you do!"

At this juncture, Tom Shore—albeit his constitutional infirmity was not an overplus of modesty, was seized by the impression that the part allotted to him by existing circumstances in this particular locality, was that of second fiddle, and walked off in quest of less distinguished company. Simultaneously with his withdrawal, Robert obeyed the imperious beck of Lily Calvert's fairy forefinger, and, to Helen's consternation and Aleck's chagrin, they found themselves the only occupants of the windowed recess.

Consternation nor chagrin outlived the shock of the discovery of their situation. Both would have done all in their power, consistent with outward propriety, to avoid the tele-tete; but, now, that it was forced upon them, each experienced an interest in the progress and results, painful, yet not devoid of a certain strange sweetness. They talked of commonplace topics; of neighborhood changes and foreign travel. The most jealous lover might have heard every word; noted and weighed the import of every intonation and glance, and felt no misgivings as to the standing of the colloquists with regard to one another. The Past—as *theirs*—was not referred to in the most remote manner; yet it was not practicable for Aleck to continue the cruelly significant badinage which was, to Robert and young Shore, but pleasant trifling between old friends. It seemed unmanly and irrelevant—a thing of which he was ashamed, as he looked at, and listened to her; as if, while they talked, the bier, holding the shrouded corpse of his boyish hope and manhood's aim, lay between them.

Whether or not the pride and bitterness passed away, likewise, from Helen's spirit, all trace of either disappeared from her demeanor. She ceased to question and reply with the elaborate show of strained civility that had hitherto been her approach, and characterized her conversation while others were by. It was no longer easy to meet his eyes with steady, haughty gaze; to fling back retort for innuendo; to repay counterfeited courtesy with lofty indifference. The truth was that neither had, in his or her anticipations of the interview, taken into account the subtle and rare effect of the personal presence; the wondrous magnetism of voice and look and action; the indescribable fascination lingering in each and all of these; every one bringing up its swift train of memories, and each link in the chain resulting, as by magic, with the rest, to draw their hearts once more together. The awakening, and anguish and shame, and renewed resolves for future conduct with it, would come by-and-by; for the present, they saw nothing beyond the tumultuous joy of being again with one another, after the dreary blank of absence. When dinner was announced Aleck offered his arm, which was silently accepted. Robert walked before them, in attendance upon Lily. Devoted in appearance to his fair companion, he yet found a favorable opportunity for throwing back a smile to his brother and Helen. Its gleam of affectionate meaning, its guileless trust and hopefulness was not lost upon them. When they took their seats in the dining-room Helen's cheek had lost its blush, and her eye its softness, and beyond offering her the ordinary civilities of the occasion, Aleck paid her no attention while they remained at the board.

It was after sunset when the gentlemen rejoined the ladies in the drawing-room. Robert, having seen that Helen was not there, betought himself, as was his wont, of the least admired, or least courted person of the company, and finding her in the shape of a shy school girl, ensconced in the nook between the piano and wall, set down in front of her, and tried to draw her into conversation. The barrier of bashfulness and nervous dimidity was being rapidly undermined by his sedulous tact, when Gabriel wormed his way through the talkative groups, dispersed irregularly about the room, up to the two in the corner.

"Was you de lady what asked for a glass of water ma'am?" presenting a salver, with a goblet upon it.

"No!" said the girl, in surprise.

"Beg a thousand pardons, ma'am! sorry for de mistake, I'm sure, ma'am!"

He bowed himself backwards—a bit of courtly etiquette; upon whose acquisition and practice he placed himself mightily, and bowed off in another direction; but not before he had softly dropped into Robert's hand a folded paper. Although the latter observed instinctively and through his recollection of precedents the authorship of the note, he hid it as soon as it fell in the

hollow of his palm, and turned with desire to learn the purport, he retained his position some minutes longer, until he could signal Tom Shore to come and occupy it. Tom was startled and surprised, but he was kind-hearted, and, in reply to Robert, would have undergone ordeals yet more trying, if that were possible, than expending his time and speculations upon a girl who was neither pretty, witty, nor rich, nor yet "knowing" enough to appreciate him; "smacking," as he decided, "rather too much of school bread and butter."

Robert read his precious billet by the hall window. It was as he had supposed, from Helen, and a simple request that he would meet her at "the spring," where she would wait half an hour for his coming. Hastily taking down his overcoat and hat from the row of pegs in the wainscot, he was in the act of putting them on, when he heard, through the dining-room door, which was ajar, Lily's voice, sharp with pettishness, yet silvery still.

"Where did you get the note I saw you give Mr. Lay, just now?"

"I wouldn't be honorable in the fur to tell what I'm ordered not to, Miss Lily!" said Gabriel, respectfully but stoutly.

"Don't answer me in that way, sir!"

It conflicted sorely with Robert's feelings and sense of justice to leave his Eboe ally exposed to the assaults of womanly pique and curiosity, and not waiting to hear more of the dialogue, he stepped across the hall, making as much bustle as he conveniently could, and tapped at the door.

"Miss Lily!" he called.

"Come in!" said the clear tones, with a perceptible change of key.

Gabriel took advantage of the diversion, and vanished, like a shadow, through another portal. Lily started at sight of her guest's great coat and the hat in his hand.

"You are not going yet, surely?"

"Only for a walk with Helen." He smiled and hesitated in pronouncing the name.

"I wanted to ask you—our dear little sister—to contrive that our absence should not provoke the criticism of gossiping tongues—if there are any such instruments of mischief among the good people in the other room. I will do the same for you some day, when you are situated as we now are!"

She made no reply, except a nod of acquiescence; stood, looking down into the fire, with her great, sorrowful eyes—so large and mournful, and there was such an air of desolation expressed in her fragile figure and pale face, that Robert felt impelled to say some comforting or friendly word before leaving her there alone.

"I am afraid that we—your cousin and myself—may appear selfish to your apprehension sometimes, Lily, but it is only your imagination that leads you to believe that there is any real diminution of our regard for you. You must not bear me a grudge because I am happy in the thought of taking her away from you. Our home will always be yours, for she loves you as fondly as ever, and, for myself, I can truly say that you were never dearer to me than you are now, while I have in view the blessed prospect of the closer tie soon to be formed between us."

He spoke caressingly, for he had known Lily from her babyhood, and petted her to this day and hour, as did nearly everybody else.

One of her hands—scarcely larger and quite as soft to the touch as a petal of her name flower—lay passively within his fraternal grasp; his head was bent towards her in protecting tenderness, that looked lover-like, when the door at the side of the fireplace was pushed back, and in walked Colonel Floyd!

In confusion or alarm his niece snatched her hand away from Robert, with a faint "Oh!"

"I thought that you were both in the parlor," said the guardian, his dark features gathering additional sternness from his corrugated brow.

Robert's pleasant tones answered the reproach he knew was aimed at Lily.

"So we were, three minutes ago, sir! I was on my way out to take an after-dinner stroll—the 'constitutional' one is apt to need after Mrs. Floyd's dinners, Colonel! and hearing Miss Lily's voice, as I passed that door, I stepped in to engage her kind offices in covering or excusing my temporary absence."

"The precaution was needless, Mr. Lay! It is my wish and request that my friends should be free to come and go, at pleasure, in my house."

"No one knows that better than I do, sir. Still my withdrawal from society, such as is collected in the parlor, might subject me to the charge of moroseness, or a want of gallantry. I shall not be gone long. The bracing air will soon clear my brain from the fumes of that last glass of champagne."

He bowed, with his frank, boyish laugh, and went out.

Lily also moved, as if to go to the parlor, but her uncle prevented her.

"Lily!"

"Sir!"

"Is this fine story true, or has that smooth-tongued bean-general been making love to you? One girl at a time is enough for most men."

"Love to me, sir!" Her eyes glittered, as polished steel does in the sunlight. "Do you, then, think that I would submit to that insult—for insult it would be from an engaged man?"

"You might do worse, girl! Why did you let him slip through your net in the first instance? You angled badly."

"I never had any hold upon him, sir. If I had—"

Colonel Floyd's smile was one of sinister gratification, as he studied her face and translated the language of the gesture that finished the sentence.

"If you had you are no true Floyd! If you allowed him to stray with impunity. If you permitted your mother's spirit you would not give him up alive. I have watched him and her, too, and I tell you, on the authority of

one who is seldom mistaken in his judgment of character and feelings, that he may still be yours if you care to make the effort to have him back."

"Uncle! You forget that he is in *every* Helen's next month!"

"Tut, child! Matches have been broken off at the altar before now! You have a stout will of your own and a quick wit—and he is worth having!"

She was left alone;—the girl so early and so terribly orphaned; left, with the fiery flood of blood, which her temper had kindled, her swelling and boiling in her veins, and his strange, arid insensibility working in her mind, revolving in the brain he had truly described as quick and shrewd. She had little respect for her guardian, and few loved him except the wife he daily trampled in the dust; but Lily had confidence in his boasted acquaintance with men and the world's ways; his penetrative discrimination of action and motive. He had evidently divined a secret she had imagined was buried from all mortal ken, in the depths of her own mourning heart. Might it not be that he was equally sagacious in reading those of the betrothed pair?

She roamed up and down through the firelight room; her hands chafing one another, and the colorless cheeks whiter still than before—if that could be—under the strivings and insidious promptings of the passions he had so cunningly aroused. She spoke once—with energy and fire, that seemed to threaten the rending of the slight, shaking frame. It was an appeal to Divinity—not the cry of a soul that felt the danger of the impending shipwreck among the billows of lawless affections—"Save! or I perish!" or the lowly prayer of the tried, yet faithful heart—"Leave me not to temptation!" but a sudden, insane-sounding ejaculation:—

"Worth having! Oh, Heaven! do I not know that too well already?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1863.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

### JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JOB PRINTING OFFICE is prepared to print Books, Pamphlets, Newspapers, Catalogues, Books of Evidence, &c., in a workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms.

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### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DECLINED. "A Diary"—"My Grandmother's Story."

### SQUIRE TREVLIN'S HEIR.

A NEW STORY BY MRS. WOOD.

In a few weeks we design commencing the publication of a new story by the popular author of "East Lynne," "Verner's Pride," &c. It will be called "SQUIRE TREVLIN'S HEIR," and will be published by us from advance sheets forwarded to THE POST from England. The thousands of admirers of Mrs. Wood, in Europe and in America, will doubtless hail the announcement of this new story, as the opening of a fresh mine of interest and pleasure.

### AN IMPERIAL FILIBUSTER.

The recent official publication of Louis Napoleon's real object in his invasion of Mexico, manifests how much reliance should be placed upon his numerous protestations of good will and friendship for the United States. His real motive he acknowledges to be to rear an obstacle to the extension of the influence of the United States over the countries lying in the neighborhood of the Gulf of Mexico. And in order to prevent the growth of such an influence, he embarks in a magnificent filibustering scheme of invasion and conquest.

When Louis Napoleon entered upon his scheme for neutralizing American influence in Mexico, it was on the plea of recovering certain debts owing to French merchants, and of re-establishing a stable government in that distracted country. Now he has thrown aside that pretence, and what remained of his character for sincerity at the same time.

Viewed in the light of this recent disclosure, it is hardly possible to doubt that the recent movements of the French agents in Galveston and Richmond with the object of detaching Texas from the rebel confederation, really had their origin in Paris.

How quick this European meddler is in putting his finger into the American pie! Of course every sensible man knew that the result of our civil war, if such war should be protracted, or end in division, would ultimately be to open us to the plottings of European ambition; but we will admit that the French Emperor, with all our distrust of him, is rather quicker on the scent than we had expected.

How delightfully refreshing are all Louis Napoleon's protestations that friendship for America is "a French tradition," when considered in connection with these recent developments!

France, as we know—for the same distinguished gentleman said it of his Italian campaign—"is the only nation that goes to war on *its* side," and now we are in a fair way

of knowing that she also is the only nation that understands the true meaning of the word "tradition." And as an "idea" means like, so a "tradition" probably means *like* to *like* and *like* to *like*. What a wonderful thing it is in an Emperor to have a good command of language!

And now what should be the policy of the United States in view of these open and official declarations of the French Emperor? Not a bragging policy, in our opinion, nor yet a weak and cowardly one. It is foolish to bark when we are not prepared to bite—besides, if we were prepared for fresh war, we should not wish to wage war with the French people, however much we might wish to with Louis Napoleon. We see no reason yet for supposing that the people of France will approvingly support the Mexican policy of their Emperor—especially now that its real motive is avowed.

But we think it does become our government, temperately but firmly to remonstrate with the French Emperor against the present unjust invasion of Mexico, and further to convey to the authorities of Mexico the sympathy we feel for that important branch of the great American family under its present trials.

Let us be true to our own self-respect in relation to both countries. We can be thus true without using a word of menace to France—and we can manifest to our sister Republic of Mexico, that we feel an acute sense of the dangers which menace her.

### AN INSIDE REBELLION.

The recent news contained in the southern papers would seem to show that the rebellion is in great danger of having to encounter a domestic rebellion. General G. W. Lee is out in a proclamation warning a number of the citizens of Northern Georgia and southwestern North Carolina to disband their rebellious organizations and return to their duty—declaring that it will be "a fruitless attempt to war against the (rebel) government." The Governor of Alabama appeals to the people to comply with the conscription, and not desert their brethren in the field. The Governor of North Carolina issues a similar appeal, and commands the thousands of stragglers and deserters to return to their duty. The legislature itself of North Carolina seems to be working badly in the rebel traces, and to have a poor opinion of Jeff. Davis's administration. From New Orleans we have a report that the Louisiana rebel regiments are on the verge of mutiny, and that about twenty rebel officers have already been shot in endeavoring to enforce the conscription act. And altogether the cohering power of the rebellion seems to be rapidly lessening, and the indications are that it will ere long be found dropping to pieces—each state seeking to make terms of peace for itself.

For we must remember that if even many in the North are tired of the war, how it must be in the South, where the pains and burdens of the contest have been so inexplicably more galling. We have not yet begun to suffer as the rebels have suffered from the first. And at last these sufferings seem beginning to tell. The rebellion has raised its last armies—those it has now in the field once defeated, demoralized, captured and dispersed, and the great American Rebellion becomes a thing of the past, and the United States henceforth one nation for centuries.

### THE COLLECTION OF TAXES.

We are pleased to see that a bill has been introduced into the Legislature of this state to remedy some of the grievances under which our citizens at present labor relative to the collection of the Tax bills. The five per cent. levied upon the taxes unpaid on the 15th of January, and which five per cent. goes into the pocket of the collector, is an abomination. The truth is, that all the "row" officers, as they are called, should have regular salaries, and the perquisites be paid into the city treasury. For services which would be fully compensated by a salary of five thousand dollars, they now manage to pick and plunder from twenty to fifty thousand. It is all wrong, and those of our legislators who do not belong to the same pack of political cormorants—and we know of no distinction of party in this matter—should labor to have it amended.

INTERMITTENT FEVER.—A creeping plant growing in India, called the *Cassipoua Bonduella*, is said to produce a nut which is coming into general use in the East, as a cure for intermittent fevers. It is said to be a potent, and therefore preferable to the Peruvian Bark for cases where the bilious system is affected.

THE CHINESE.—The secret of the apparent insensibility to pain of the Chinese under torture, is said to be the use of opium.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET. A NOVEL. BY M. E. BRADDOCK, author of "Aurora Floyd," "Lady Lisle," "John Marchmont's Legacy," etc., etc. Dick & Fitzgerald, New York.

NO NAME. A NOVEL. BY WILKIE COLLINS, author of "The Woman in White," "Queen of Hearts," &c. Illustrated by John McLennan. Harper & Bros., New York.

We rank these two new and popular novels together, as, though diverse in their merits, they run parallel to each other, each catering in its own way to a widely diffused public taste which is worth considering by the light of the works which are once its result and its stimulus.

Mysterious and long concealed crime, finally discovered through strange coincidences, or through the patient and unrelenting pursuit of an avenger; such is the theme which, amplified and presented in a hundred different lights, makes the dominant interest in the majority of the sensation novels of to-day.

It is this interest that burns through such works as "The Silver Cord" of Shilsky Brooks. It is certainly the same that achieves the popularity of the books whose titles head this article.

It is a pitiable fact that there are all English books. In America this style of literature has been confined to yellow-covered "Sandwich Brides," "Prisoners of the Gulf," and their like books whose mere aspect has been enough to warn a reader of taste and cultivation from their contents. With one or two notable exceptions there has been, here, a great gulf fixed between the higher walks of literature and those low and coarse appeals to the grosser appetites and passions of man. It has been reserved for the present generation of English novelists to bring to the same service genius, taste and art that we can only feel sorry to see dedicated as they are.

The latter observation a little overshoots the mark of one of the above-named books. Miss Braddon's book though written with considerable power, and with an interest that never relaxes its hold on the reader, falls short of the qualities which make the novels of Wilkie Collins far more fascinating, and perhaps more hurtful too.

"Lady Audley's Secret" is little more than the evolving of an interesting chain of circumstantial evidence. There is but a slight attempt at character-painting, and the incidents flow strictly in the train of the discovery and proof of the crime. There is no extenuating evidence given for the criminal. There is, in fact, no human nature about her. She is merely the crime embodied and made a *fiend* of.

"No Name," as a novel, takes a considerably higher rank. Its plot is managed with consummate art, its style is compact, pointed, brilliant, witty. The characters are human and attract human interests. The trouble is that the interest all goes the wrong way and to the wrong persons. The reader is by no means anxious for the thwarting of the conspiracy whose details make the plot of the book. On the contrary the conspirators are so much more interesting and agreeable than the other characters that one is compelled to completely take their side in their "little game." We chuckle at their victories over Mrs. Leggott, their chief adversary, and thank it all very well when Magdalen, the heroine, after a brief and slight fit of repentance, slides off to a happy termination and becomes a model of goodness forthwith. Even Capt. Wragge, the wily swindler—or, as he humorously describes himself, "the moral agriculturist, cultivating the field of human sympathy"—is dismissed with a good-natured pat on the back and a kind pleasure in his success in life after the invention of his Patent Pill.

We do not pretend to account for the epidemic in fiction to which we have referred, though there is, no doubt, some general underlying cause for its present prevalence. We believe the craving for excitement which is gratified by dwelling upon crime and its developments to be a false and hurtful one, and regret to see such powers as those of Wilkie Collins employed in its service. M.

### LOVE IS SUCH A LOSING GAME.

BY A BACHELOR.

Oh, love is such a losing game!  
'Tis pleasant for the hour;  
There lurks behind its little name  
A fascinating power.  
But still the men fall victims to  
Its false and treacherous ways.  
Excitement hides these from their view,  
Leaves taught but bitter days.  
Then, man, I prithee gamble not;  
Leave it to milkop boys,  
Who know no other pleasure but  
To sing in praise its joys.  
For love is such a losing game;  
'Tis better, then, by far  
To play for honor, rank and fame,  
With hope your guiding star.

There are two kinds of cats—one with nine lives, the other with nine tails; the former always fall upon their own feet, the latter upon other's backs.

We do not find that the English critics who so much condemned N. P. Willis's revelations of private society at Lady Blessington's have yet breathed one word of virtuous indignation against Mr. Russell's similar breaches of confidence. What was a great offense in the American seems to be a recommendation of the Anglo-Irishman's writer.

At the French Emperor's recent grand reception the Princess Mathilde wore a train of cloth of gold, trimmed with two rows of Russian sable; her neck, arms and head were glittering with brilliants. Her Highness is said to possess the most valuable diamonds in France. The Princess Clotilde wears a pink silk train and petticoat of the same material, both trimmed with tulle, looped alternately with roses and bunches of ribbons; her ornaments were also diamonds. The Princess Metternich's toilette was so very magnificent that the Empress expressed her pleasure at it. It consisted of a cherry-colored velvet mantle, embroidered about half a yard deep with silver; her petticoat was of white silk, covered with lace, and her diamonds, some of which she only lately came into possession of, are said to be some of the finest in Europe.

Philip the Second, after having sat up to a late hour in the night to complete some important state papers, waked up one of his drowsy secretaries, who was so hurried at this breach of duty, that he dashed the contents of the inkstand over the manuscript, instead of the sand-box. "It would have been better to have used the sand," was royalty's remark, on sitting down to the reproduction of the document.

Washington, when high in command, provoked a man to knock him down. The next day he sent for the person to appear at headquarters, and asked his pardon! for, in reviewing the incidents of the case, he found that he was himself at fault. A magnanimity only possible to a truly great mind; but it is a magnanimity, a self-control, a mastery of temper, which it is a nobility to strive for.

In her early days Mrs. Rogers, the actress, was asked by Lord North what was a cure for love. "Your lordship," said she, "is the best I know in the world."

### Completion of the American Cyclopædia.

In a few days the labors of the editors of The New American Cyclopædia will be finished. We understand that their numerous corps of assistants is already dissolved. A task which has occupied for nearly six years, permanently, a staff of twenty-five able writers, besides a great number of occasional writers, is at last completed, and the event is one well worthy of notice.

The present work of Messrs. Ripley and Dana is the first original general Cyclopædia completed in this country. The work was begun in February, 1857. A staff of twenty-five writers was engaged, most of whom had desks in a large office, provided with a formidable library of books of reference in various languages. The Astor Library was, however, an additional and valuable place of reference. Besides the regular staff, as we have said, a number of gentlemen contributed articles on subjects upon which they were especially competent to treat; and it has been the rule, we believe, to entrust all papers upon the various sciences and arts to the most eminent professors and experts.

The labor of revising the articles as written, and again revising the proof sheets, employed not only the two editors, but in addition five or six other gentlemen, especially competent for this work, who verified dates and other figures, and so far as is possible to human handiwork, made each page perfect. Besides this, proofs of all the more important articles were sent to the authors, or to experts, for verification and correction. The cost of the revision alone amounts to considerably over twenty thousand dollars.

The number of titles or subjects treated is about twenty-seven thousand. The sixteen volumes contain 18,804 pages, which have fifty-two millions of "ems"—printers' measure. To print the edition called for, of the first fifteen volumes, required 12,094 reams of white paper; to print ten thousand copies of the sixteenth volume consumes 556 reams more. The work has been circulated entirely by subscription; and it is saying not a little for the intelligence and wealth of America, that so costly a work as this obtained not less than seventeen thousand subscribers. Of this number twelve thousand, we are informed, live in the free states, and five thousand in the slave states. Among the free states New York furnished the largest number of subscribers, Massachusetts comes next on the list, and Pennsylvania third. Of the slave states Louisiana contributed the greatest number.

The publishers, Messrs. D. Appleton & Company, have invested \$415,000 in this great literary venture. The amount paid to contributors and for making the stereotype plates, up to December 18th, was \$143,700. The other expenses, on 217,550 volumes printed, of the first fifteen volumes, were: for paper, \$111,500; printing, \$17,500; binding, \$110,000; advertising, circulars, etc., \$30,000. Add to this the cost of paper, printing and binding 10,000 copies of volume sixteen, \$10,500, and an item denominated " sundries," \$1,800, and we have a grand total of \$415,000.

Of the literary execution of the work, we who have occasion to refer to it daily can speak with satisfaction. The New American Cyclopædia is correct, full in its information, conveniently arranged for ready reference; the articles are concise and yet complete; and the work, continued and finished, as it has been, in the midst of a great civil war, is an honorable example of American thoroughness and enterprise. We believe it is the intention of the editors and publishers to issue a supplementary volume, in which any subjects which have claimed treatment since the commencement of the work may have justice done to them; and the issue of an annual volume, a register of important events, which was begun by Messrs. Appleton last year, will hereafter answer the purpose of a supplement for those who want it.—N. Y. Evening Post.

### LOUIS NAPOLEON'S EFFORTS TO OBTAIN A WIFE.

It is generally understood that in the spring of 1852 offers of marriage were made by the Emperor to three German princesses, but were politely declined in every instance. The first of these offers was to the Princess Mary, of Baden, daughter of the then reigning Grand Duke, who, being himself the offspring of a "morganatic" marriage could, as it was thought, make no serious objection to the match. His highness, in fact, did give his consent; but his death occurring on the 24th of April, 1852, his son and successor threw obstacles in his way, and, as the Princess herself showed no desire to occupy the French throne, the negotiations were finally broken off. The hand of a Princess of Hohenzollern having been likewise refused to the Prince President of the French Republic, a last offer of marriage was made to Princess Frederica, of Oldenburg, aged thirty-two, the sister of the Queen of Greece. Princess Frederica, it is said, was excessively anxious to wear the imperial diadem, then already within the grasp of Napoleon III. But her relatives, particularly the Grand Duke Peter, strongly objected, and consequently this proposal likewise came to nothing. The poor Princess of Oldenburg soon after, in despair of getting the right husband, or any husband at all, committed a morganatic alliance, giving her hand to one Baron de Washington. Not choosing to submit to further indignities, Napoleon III., now Emperor, determined to seek for a wife at home, and, having met one evening at the house of a literary acquaintance, M. Prosper Merimee, Mademoiselle Eugénie Marie de Guzman, Countess of Teba, his Majesty offered at once his hand and heart, was accepted, of course, and married a few weeks after, on the 29th of January, 1853. The event somewhat took the public by surprise, the official announcement having been made only seven days previous to the ceremony, on the 25th of January.—London Spectator.

Watched, rosebuds never open.



## HASSAN THE WISE.

Hassan Ben Omar threw himself prostrate upon the ground, outside the wall of Basora, and tore his hair with rage. In three years of riot and luxury he had dissipated the wealth which he had inherited from Good Omar, his father. His house, his vineyard, his olive yards, were all gone; and now he would be compelled to seek employment as a camel driver, or beg of those who had feasted sumptuously on his extravagance. He cursed his unhappy fate, reproached Allah, blasphemed the Prophet, charged his friends with ingratitude, and called loudly upon death to release him from his misery. His old servants approached and tried to comfort him; but he drove them away with abuse and blows, and dashed himself again upon the earth. For a long time he lay moaning and weeping; at length a voice sounded in his ears—

"Listen, Hassan Ben Omar! Allah intends thee good."

Hassan raised his head, and his eyes rested upon a venerable dervish, who was calmly contemplating his grief.

"Begone, old man!" he cried, "if thou canst not work a miracle for my relief."

"Listen," replied the dervish; "the Prophet has sent me to serve thee. What wouldst thou have?"

"Give me my possessions again—my vineyards, my fields, and my gold."

"And what would I avail thee," said the old man, "if I were to do this? When they were thine, thou hadst not the wisdom to keep them; in three years thou wouldst be as wretched as now. But attend, Hassan Ben Omar! Reform thy life, govern thy passions, moderate thy desires, hate the wine cup, labor for thy bread, eat only when thou art hungry, and sleep when thou art weary. Do these things for one year, and thou shalt be monarch of a mighty kingdom."

A mist darkened the eyes of Hassan; when it was gone, behold, the dervish was nowhere to be seen. Hassan invoked the aid of Allah, and rose from the ground with a light heart. He joined the caravan which set forth for the desert the next day. He began to rise early, and to labor with diligence. A cup of water and a few dates formed his simple meal; and at night he lay down by the side of his camels and enjoyed sweeter repose than he had ever known before. If his anger was excited, or if he was tempted to give the rein to any passion, the form of the dervish seemed to rise before him, with a wild rebuke upon his lips, and his heart was calmed. Thus for a year he lived a frugal and patient life—following to the letter the exhortations of the dervish. At the end of the time he was again at the same place, before the walls of Basora. He prostrated himself upon the earth, and cried—

"Now, Allah, fulfill thy promise!"

Suddenly he heard the same voice as before—

"Hassan Ben Omar, thou hast done well, and thy reward is with thee. Behold, thy kingdom is thine! I have taught thee to rule it. Be wise and happy."

Hassan looked in vain for the speaker—no one was near. He pondered deeply upon these things, and resolved to continue as he had begun.

Thus he lived many years, gradually becoming more prosperous, but firmly retaining his frugal and industrious habits, until he became richer than the Good Omar, his father; and all men called him Hassan the Wise.

## THE OLIVE TREE.

I challenge the untravelled English reader to tell me what an olive-tree is like?

I know he cannot answer my challenge. He has no more idea of an olive-tree than of olives grown only in the fixed stars. Let him meditate a little on this one fact, and consider its strangeness, and what a willful and constant closing of the eyes to the most important truths it indicates on the part of the modern artist. Observe, a want of perception, not of science. I do not want painters to tell me any scientific facts about olives.

But it had been well for them to have felt and seen the olive-tree; to have loved it for Christ's sake, partly also for the beamed wisdom's sake, which was to the heathen in some sort as that nobler wisdom which stood at God's right hand, when He founded the earth and established the heavens. To have loved it even to the hoary dimness of its delicate foliage, subdued and faint of hue, as if the ashes of the Gethsemane agony had been cast upon it for ever; and to have traced, line for line, the gnarled writhings of its light and narrow leaves, laid on the blue field of the sky, and the small rosy-white stars of its spring blossoming, and the beads of its leafy fruit scattered by autumn along its topmost boughs—the right, in Israel, of the stranger, the fatherless, and the widow—and, more than all, the softness of the mantle, silver gray, and tender like the down on a bird's breast, with which, far away, it veils the undulation of the mountains; these it had been well for them to have seen and drawn, whatever they had left unstudied in the gallery.—*Ruskin.*

A STRAY SILVER DOLLAR.—The collection of Warren, R. I., were at last accounts in a state of conservatism at the aspect of a silver dollar dropped into one of last Sunday's contribution boxes.

The Episcopal clergy of England are memorializing their Bishops on the dreadful heresies of Bishop Colenso, and the Bishop of Rochester has gone so far as to request Dr. Colenso to take no part in the religious services of the church within the limits of his (Rochester's) diocese.

A BODILESS PAPER gives credit to a grocer in this city for his ingenuity in letting the public know that he sells both black and white bread.

He has a large T on each shutter, and the word "white" in green, the other black.

It is a pity that a person in his position, one who is wearing a coat!

## THE FORTUNES OF WAR.

The New York correspondent of the Sunday Dispatch says—

I personally know men in this huge town who, for years, have lived in a style of "merchant-prince" ostentation and dignity, and are now weekly pawing the family plate, the family jewels, the piano, the harp, the everything that can be best temporarily spared, in order to "live somehow," (as they express it) until the war is over, and they may once more realize a family ordinary expenses by their business. I know other men of social standing and character who are actively selling their beds from under themselves, their wives and children, in order to buy bread to eat, and yet, to maintain "appearances," live in elegant "brown stone" fronts, go without servants to save expenses, and have their own "household gods," who dress up so proudly at night, to do all the domestic work through the day. I know still other men who, pressed to the earth by the times, have let out, ready furnished, their "brown stone fronts," with all the modern improvements, to the Dives of the moment, and are now secreting themselves and their families in the basements of cheap boarding houses, while wife or daughter privately assist to pay the monthly bill for board by going out to give lessons in vocal or piano music. I really know these persons and these things; and at the same time I know of men who, a twelve-month ago, were delighted to live on the second floor of a tenement house, and listen to a cracked fiddle with delight, and now "hold forth" in palatial residences, have "at home" once a week and "parties" once a month, at an outlay that would once have supported them, their wives and families, for half a year. They have made a "spec" in Wall street, or got hold of a "fat contract" from the War Department. I know of other men whose wives spend more at present in bonnets and shawls every month than they used to handle in five years, and whose "parties" are only designed to "astonish the Browns" by the utter recklessness of their luxurious appointments.

## ITEMS FOR SOLDIERS.

"Send your soldier a little parcel of cayenne pepper and another of cloves. The Government rations include no aromatic, and no condiments but salt; and the moderate use of these tends to prevent scurvy, and to keep the bowels in order. Add also a little paper of lakepur seeds. Spirit or bling water in which they have been soaked will effectually destroy lice. The whole may go in a letter under one postage stamp."

Let the recruit see that his rule of packing be not how much he can get in his knapsack, but how little. Friends will press many things upon you which a day's march will prove a burden. Take with you only those articles which you cannot do without. Gen. Mansfield went through the Mexican war with three hickory shirts and his blankets. An ounce becomes a pound towards the end of a day's march.

Look to your feet—cut your nails and corns—wear seamless woolen socks and easy shoes. When you halt lie down. When you camp, eat and go right to sleep. A little pepper in the mouth will prevent you from falling asleep on your post. A little pepper in stagnant water will prevent bowel complaint.

Don't eat, when on the march, all your rations at once. Carry a small vial of brandy, but don't use it except when absolutely necessary. When wounded it may preserve your life; therefore save it for an emergency.

When going into action don't think you are a coward because you tremble. The proof of courage is that notwithstanding you know and feel the danger yet you face it.

Don't grumble, but make the best of every thing. Be cheerful under difficulties. Above all, be spiritually prepared for life or death.

An officer of the Maine 25th, observing a soldier belonging to a regiment encamped near by, industriously scratching himself, interrogated thus: "What's the matter, my man—flea?" "Flea!" said he, in a tone of unutterable scorn, "do you think I am a dog—no, sir, there is lice."

We once heard a Vermont express his opinion of a person in the following style of classic: "I could take," said he, "the little end of nothing, whistle it down to a point, punch out the pith of a horse hair, and put in it forty thousand such souls as his, shake them up, and they'd rattle!"

LOBBYING SALAD.—NEW RECEIPT.—An Irishman, who had lately opened a restaurant, heard of a receipt for making lobster salad. Among the ingredients recommended was sweet oil. He went to the grocer's and inquired for it, and was told they had none.

"What kind of oil have ye?" says he. The grocer answered kerene. "Then, faith, I'll take that!"

Doctor Lyman Beecher's funeral, in Brooklyn, New York, was attended by 100 clergymen.

THE ATTACK UPON OUR GUNBOATS AT CHARLESTON.—The rebels neglect no opportunity which over confidence or oversight on the part of our blockading fleet may give them. With two iron clad gunboats and three small steamers they made an assault, on Saturday week, upon three of our gunboats within the harbor, while thirteen Union vessels were lying outside, and succeeded in sinking one, the *Mercedita*, by running her down with a ram, and of crippling another, the *Quaker City*, which escaped with some injury. Upon this partial success, a great oratorical is raised, and the affair is magnified into the destruction of two Union vessels, and the burning of four, the dispersion of the entire fleet, and the raising of the blockade by proclamation of Beauregard and Ingraham. Taking Ingraham's official account of the matter, and it so to be a very insignificant affair, as far as it affects the blockade.

The sinking of one of the gunboats does not materially affect the efficiency of the blockading fleet, nor cripple the force which is expected to assault Charleston. Twenty blockading vessels were off Charleston on the 2nd instant, and we know that there are five iron-clads in the immediate neighborhood, two of them operating against the rebel batteries between Charleston and Savannah.

## NEWS ITEMS.

A TALL FAMILY.—A correspondent at North Paris, Maine, writes: "There is living in this village a family remarkable for the height of its members. It consists of eight sons and two daughters. The united length of the eight sons amounts to sixty-eight feet and two inches. Five measure six feet each, one five feet ten inches, one six feet one inch, and the last six feet three inches. The height of the two daughters I am unable to give exactly, but presume they are not less than five feet nine inches."—*Portland Transcript.*

The Richmond Journal adheres to the statement that it was the British steamer *Spitfire* which sank the *Hatteras*, but unfortunately for their assertion, the *Spitfire* was on another station at the time of the occurrence, and hence their statement amounts to nothing. Besides, what object could the *Spitfire* or any other British vessel have in attacking a sinking a peaceful vessel of our navy, and that, too, in our own waters?

Ex-Gov. EDWIN D. MORRIS has been elected United States Senator from New York, and Nevada Johnson from Maryland, each to serve six years from the fourth of March next.

REAL ESTATE is rising very rapidly in New York.

SINGULAR PROCEEDINGS OF MR. SEWARD.—A despatch recently published in the French official yellow book, bearing date April 18th, throws a little light upon the journey undertaken to Richmond by Baron Mercier, and which created such excitement at the time. It appears that he undertook it at the suggestion of Mr. Seward himself, who then believed in the speedy re-establishment of the Union, and without having previously informed the French government of his intention. Before his departure Mr. Mercier came to an understanding with our ambassador, and repeated to Mr. Seward that the object of his journey was not connected with the recognition of the South, but only an attempt to bring about an arrangement. "It was understood," besides, that I should report to Mr. Seward only what I was authorized to repeat to him. Mr. Seward said to me that I might say, if I found an opportune occasion, that in his opinion the North was animated by a sentiment of vengeance, and that for himself he should with pleasure find himself again in the Senate in the presence of all those whom the South thought it fit to send thither."

STARS OR NAILS.—Why are nails designated by the terms sixpenny, eightpenny, &c.? In Shropshire, England, they used to be sold in small quantities by the hundred, and the terms fourpenny, sixpenny, &c., referred to such nails as were sold at fourpence, sixpence, &c. per hundred nails. The length of the nails of that day, that were so designated, was exactly the same with nails that are now known by those designations.

HOW THE POOR ARE FED IN LANCASTERSHIRE.—For a family of one, 65 cents; of two, \$1.25; of three, \$1.00; of four, \$2; of five, \$2.50. The distribution of bread and soup will be continued every Saturday to the "wives and mothers," and the exposition of the Scriptures, with which it is always accompanied, is listened to with marked attention. Extra nourishment is granted to the sick on the production of a medical certificate; and to this provision we may attribute to some extent, humanely speaking, the prevention of fevers assuming an epidemic character.

RECRUITING OF THE PACIFIC COAST.—Orders have been despatched from the War Department to Brigadier Gen. Wright, commanding the Department of the Pacific, authorizing him to raise a regiment of Infantry in California, and also to fill up the First California dragoons to a regiment.

THE HEALTH OFFICE OF BROOKLYN has prohibited the sale of rice coffee in several stores in that city, a respectable German family of eight persons having been poisoned. The seeds of poisonous weeds growing among the rice were possibly ground up with it. This is no argument against the use of rice for coffee or meal, but only for carelessness.

TEXAS.—A recent letter from Matamoras says: "You can scarcely have any idea of the way Union men are treated in Texas. They are hung on the slightest suspicion, and by bodies of irresponsible men who, were they in a country where law was respected, would not be allowed outside of a prison yard. You have probably heard of the way that a small body of Union men were treated by the Texas rangers and a part of J. McDuff's company, at the head of the Nueces. I learn from a gentleman here, who had a conversation with an officer who was present at the massacre, that twelve persons from provost marshals of Western Texas were found on the bodies of the Union men killed, by which they were allowed to pass freely over any part of the frontier."

THE RIGHT WAY.—Gen. Rosecrans has issued the following order: "By virtue of the authority delegated to the Major General Commanding by the Secretary of War, Sec. 2nd Lieut. L. H. Albert, Co. 39th Indiana volunteers, is, for desertion, dishonorably dismissed the service of the United States. The General Commanding deems him too worthless to have him arrested and brought back for trial."

The office of the Rockport (Indiana) Democrat was attacked by a mob composed of soldiers of the Fifth Indiana cavalry, a company of which is stationed near the place, on Wednesday night, and the contents, with the exception of the press, destroyed.

A RESIDENT of Jane street, New York, has obtained a verdict of \$100 against a man who put up a boiler factory near his house, and made such an intolerable noise in hammering rivets that plaintiff's house was almost uninhabitable. The theory of the decision is that noise is a nuisance, when there is enough of it.

THE HAVRE JOURNAL talks of a diamond just found by a negro in Brazil, far exceeding in dimensions the famous Kohinoor. It adds that Sambo means to establish with the proceeds of it a settlement for free blacks.

The President says of General Hooker, that in every position he has been placed he has equalled the expectations which his self-confidence has inspired.

A MR. STOKES, of Trenton, N. J., lately sued Judge Nar, of the True American, for damages, for having put his marriage among the dead. Although the editor offered to make it all right by putting Stokes' death among the marriages, the indignant *Bodicee* would not accept the *amende honorable*. Damages, six cents.

THE LATE ARRESTS IN INDIANA.—The citizens arrested for attempting to resist the authority of the government, in arresting deserters in Morgan county, Indiana, have been handed over to the civil authorities, and will be tried before the United States Circuit Court now in session.

SEVERAL rebel mails have recently been seized by the United States naval force, and some of them disclosed facts not over creditable to some who profess to be Union men in one of the "loyal" border states.

GEN. CURTIS has organized one black regiment in Arkansas, and is making good progress with another. Private letters from the fleet of R-R Admiral Porter state that he is filling up his crews with the able-bodied freedmen of Arkansas and Mississippi, of whom great numbers are seeking service under the United States. It is thought that half the men who man the western flotilla will soon be of African descent.

## OLD-FASHIONED SPECULATION.

The following story of an old-fashioned speculation in cotton is taken from "The Old Merchants of New York City." It is told of Nathaniel Prime, one of the old merchants—

Robert Kernall once started a line of "Sant" ships. He owned the ship *St. George*, and he persuaded Stephen Whitney and old Nat Prime to become owners in a new ship called the *St. Andrew*. The line never succeeded, although the latter once made a very short passage in the year 1834, and brought the intelligence of an advance in the price of cotton in Liverpool. She came in late one Christmas eve. Old Mr. Prime lived at that time at the corner of Broadway and Market-field street, (now Battery Place). Mr. Whitney lived only a few steps distant, on the corner of State Street and Bowling Green Row. These old heads and two or three younger ones had the exclusive news, and they intended to make the most of it. It was certain not to be made public until the day after Christmas. Letters of credit were prepared in the front parlor of No. 1 Broadway, for one million of dollars. Walter Barrett was selected to leave next morning for New Orleans by way of Wheeling, hoping that he would outstrip the great Southern mail, leaving two days ahead, carrying these credits in favor of Thomas Barrett and John Hagan of New Orleans, both eminent merchants in those days. The letters ordered cotton to be bought so long as there was a bale in *first Auda* in New Orleans. Mr. Barrett, the bearer of credits and orders, was told to spare no expense in order to beat the mail. It was now eleven o'clock Christmas eve. No one had thought about money for the expense of the messenger to New Orleans. Banks were all shut—brokers too. Mr. Prime seized a bank check, and went up with it to the City Hotel.

"Willard, for what amount can you cash my check to-night?"

"How much do you wish, Mr. Prime?"

"One thousand dollars."

Mr. Willard had the money, and gave it to Mr. Prime. It was in the pocket of Mr. Walter Barrett the next morning, when he embarked at six o'clock in the boat for Amboy, commanded then by the since famous Captain Alexander Schull's.

The messenger, by bribing stage-drivers, paying Mississippi boat captains \$50 or \$75 not to stop and receive freight, reached New Orleans in eleven days. It was daylight when he got into the old City Hotel in New Orleans, kept then by Mr. Bishop. Two hours after John Hagan and Thomas Barrett had the letters of credit and orders to purchase cotton. The Southern mail did not arrive for three days. Before night over 50,000 bales of cotton had been purchased, at 11 to 12 cents, or about \$60 per bale. The cotton was sold at 17 and 18 cents when cotton went up a few days after. Some was sent to Liverpool. The profit was on some lots over \$30 a bale, and was divided up among the New Orleans houses of Barrett & Co., and John Hagan & Co., and the New York operators. The messenger had the profits of 300 bales awarded him, and his expenses paid.

A NEW METHOD OF PLATING IRON CLAD.—Propositions have been made to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, somewhat singularly, from two persons, which may or may not effect a change in the present mode of constructing iron-clad ships. So far as our informant is concerned, the only proposition of which he is aware is shortly as follows:—It is suggested that the exposed surface of the iron plating alone ensures the success of the great gun, and if the iron were cast in sound, strong ship timber, an impenetrable target would be the result. At present the iron plate is exposed to the first crash of the shot, and resistance is put when the armor is crashed in. It is stated as a fact that, in a volley, a bullet will penetrate the breast-plate of a life-guardman, which is exposed to the full force of the missile; but the same kind of bullet has flattened on the chest of a man of an infantry soldier, or even a common tobacco box having proved a check. It seems, therefore, that the mere obstruction of a wooden coat is sufficient to stay the progress of the ball. Now in the matter of iron-clad ships, it is urged that if there was a steel plate behind the iron plate the resistance would be immense, because the ball, being checked by the softer iron, would be entirely stayed by the harder steel. It is further urged that if a steel plate were backed by an iron one, and a shot penetrated the steel, the iron would be much of a barrier to stay it further progress. In short, it has been proposed, that the iron plating should be backed instead of being exposed, and many things suggest themselves to prove that this is the proper plan. The armor would be protected from the actions of the air, sea and changes of climate.—*Sun, London.*

A HERMIONE.—A correspondent of the *Albion Register*, writing from Broadway City, Huntington county, says he had the pleasure of meeting, at a place called Dudley, a woman named Mary Owens, who had just returned from the army, in full uniform. This remarkable woman accompanied her husband to the army, and fought by his side until he fell. She was in the service eighteen months, and took part in three battles, and was wounded twice; first in the face above the right eye, and then in her arm, which required her to be taken to the hospital, where she confessed the deception. She had enlisted in Danville, Montour county, Pennsylvania, under the name of John Evans, and gives as her reason for this romantic undertaking the fact that her father was uncompromising in his hostility to her marriage with Mr. Owens, directing violence in case she disobeyed his commands; whereupon, after having been secretly married, she donned the United States uniform, enlisted in the same company with her husband, endured all the hardships of the camp, the dangers of the battle field, saw her husband fall dead by her side, and is now wounded and a widow.—*Mrs. Owens* looks young, is rather pretty, and is the heroine of the neighborhood. She is of Welsh parentage.

YARN FROM MILKWEED.—Mr. Marsh Hootcock, a cotton manufacturer of Paterson, N. J., has succeeded in spinning yarn from the flower of milkweed, a plant which grows wild. The yarn is favorably spoken of; though how it may be adapted to withstanding moisture or receiving dyes, we have not heard. Mr. H., who is a man of good judgment and trustworthiness, estimates that an acre of land might yield \$120 worth per annum.

## Important Declaration of Louis Napoleon Relative to Mexico.

Among the documents in the "yellow book," just communicated to the French Chamber, is a letter from the Emperor Napoleon to General Forey, commander of the French troops in Mexico, in which we read: "There will not be wanting people who will ask you why we go to lavish men and money for the establishment of a regular government in Mexico. In the present state of the civilization of the world, the prosperity of America is not a matter of indifference to Europe, for it is she who feeds our manufactures and gives life to our commerce. We have an interest in this—that the Republic of the United States be powerful and prosperous; but we have none in this—that she should seize possession of all the Mexican Gulf, dominate from thence the Antilles, as well as South America, and be the sole dispenser of the products of the New World. We see now by the experience how precarious is the fate of an empire which is reduced to seeking its chief raw material in one market alone, to all the vicissitudes of which it has to submit. It is on the other hand, Mexico preserves its independence, and maintains the integrity of its territory, if a stable Government is constituted with the assistance of France, we shall have restored to the Latin race on the other side of the ocean its strength and prestige; we shall have established our beneficial influence in the center of America, and this influence, by procuring immense openings for our commerce, will procure us the materials indispensable to our industry. Mexico, thus regenerated, will always be favorable to us, not only from gratitude, but also because her interests will be in harmony with ours, and she will find a powerful support in her good relations with the European Powers. To-day, then, our pledged military honor, the exigency of our policy, the interests of our industry and of our commerce, all make it a duty to march upon Mexico, and boldly plant there our flag; to establish either a monarchy, if it is not incompatible with the national sentiment of the country, or, at all events, a government which promises some stability."

WONDERFUL RESCUE.—The Hudson Star tells the following singular story:—A wonderful instance of rescue from drowning occurred at Athens, on Tuesday. The facts, as we have gathered, are these: A boy about eight years old fell into a hole in the Athens channel, a short distance from the new ice house, which is building. He was seen to go down, and the alarm was given. While some ran towards the spot, others had the presence of mind to run in the opposite direction to the tool-house, three hundred feet off, for an ice chisel. The ice was new and transparent, and they found the boy was lying upon his back on the top of the water, floating along under the ice. A hole was made, but he passed one side and they could not reach him. A second and third hole further down was made, but with no better success. But through the fourth hole, which for want of time was made very small, a young man thrust his hand and caught him. The ice was cut away and he was taken out, not only alive but conscious. He was soon entirely restored. He had floated, as was found by measurement, one hundred and twelve feet under the ice, with his face up and rubbing against it. He must have taken a full inspiration of air on going down; and the little fellow was taken out with his hands tightly clasped over his mouth and nose, so that not a drop of water had entered his body.

THERE were two circles of blockading ships off Charleston harbor. The outer one, in deep water, was seven miles from Sumter; the inner one was upon the bar. Sailors in the Navy Department are certain that the rebel iron clads went down only to the latter. They were not calculated for the deep and rough water beyond, and it is declared that they did not go near to menace the second and outer line of large blockaders.

A story is told of the revenge taken by a Nantucket shipmaster against a United States consul, who was very rarely to be found in his office, although upon his sign were the words—"In from ten to one." The indignant captain, after trying to find the consul several days without success, took a paint brush and altered the official's sign, so that it read "ten to one he is not in."

Half the failures in life arise from pulling in one's horse as he is leaping.

A post-meadow in the vicinity of Bath, Me., has been on fire since last spring. While the fields all around are white with snow, this is all warm, and smoke issues from every crevice.

Theodore Hook was walking, in the days of Warren's blockading, where one of the commissaries of that shilling character had written on the wall—"Try Warren's B—"

In an old play the undertaker reproves one of his mourners for laughing at a funeral, and says to him, "You repeat, you! I have been raising your wages these two years, upon the condition that you should appear sorrowful, and the higher wages you receive the happier you look!"

THE DREAMER'S ORACLE.—If you dream you are somebody else, it is clear you are a donkey, playing with your ears, it is a sure sign you have recovered your senses, and are wide awake, playing with your own winks.

There are yet some hopes of the country, judging from the old saying that "while the poetic spirit remains in any people, the patriotic can never quite die out." Listen to a description by A. N. Dant, of Androsoggin, Me., of a fashionable lady of the present time; and then say whether we're "goners":

"She walks in beauty, like a knight,  
Like whom she's clad in steel;  
She is what flour of Genoa's  
Would be to Indian meal.

Her voice is so charming, musical—  
Is not like some, all squaky;  
And her bearing makes a queenly robe  
Look on her more antsy."

The Richmond correspondent of the London Times writes that the North is financially used up, and directs his employer's agents in New York to remit him his wages in greenbacks!

General Butler required the New Orleans persons to pray for the President, not because he supposed it would do! Abey any good, but because he thought it might do them some from its rarity.

A miser who was asked why he had married a girl from his own kitchen, said that "the union was attended with a double advantage—it saved him not only the expense of a wife, but the taxes on a servant."

## LATEST NEWS.

IMPORTANT FROM CHARLESTON.

THE REBEL REPORTS UNTRUE.

NONE OF OUR VESSELS SUNK.

THE REBEL BARRIERS IN THE HARBOR.

THE BLOCKADE NOT RAISED.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The British steamship *Princess Royal*, which was captured off Charleston, S. C., arrived at this port yesterday afternoon, in command of Vice Admiral Sir James R. Smith. The *Princess Royal* was the last of the gunboats. From the U. S. officers on board this ship, we learn some interesting particulars in reference to the attack made upon the blockading fleet off Charleston, in which the rebel commanders obtained great victories, and the opening of the blockade.

It appears that no vessels were sunk, none burned, no blockade raised; but on the contrary, the rebel rams were driven back to Charleston.

The story, as told by the press officers on board the *Princess Royal*, is a very simple one, and is to some extent confirmed by the capture by the United States steamer *Unadilla* of the steamship *Princess Royal*, on the 30th of January. When the *Princess Royal* was discovered attempting to run the blockade, the *Unadilla* immediately started in pursuit. Two days before noon she had been taken off *Hatteras* Shoals by Mr. Van Buren, and the knowledge thus gained led to the capture of the *Princess Royal*, the captain of that vessel not believing it possible for his vessel to follow so far. The *Princess Royal* went ashore on Long Island, off the *Hatteras* Shoals, and her captain—

Lawson, made his escape to the shore. The *Unadilla* passed around the *Princess Royal*, although the latter vessel was aground, and preparations were immediately made to get the prize off. While this was being done, the rebels were busy on shore endeavoring to bring a battery from a distance to drive off the captors. Before they had completed their labors, the tide turned and the *Princess Royal* was afloat, and soon afterwards lay within a short distance of the blockading fleet, and near the flag ship *Hornet*. Two matters remained for one day, the blockading fleet extending a distance of 16 miles, the gunboat *Mercedita*, with the *Keystone State*, occupying the most southern point of the south channel, and about five miles from Fort Sumpter. About three o'clock on the morning of the 31st the watch on board the *Mercedita* saw the black smoke from one of the rams from Charleston, and she was hailed. The reply from the ram was, "All right," and a boat was promised to be sent to the *Mercedita*, but almost at the same instant the ram sent a broadside into the *Mercedita*, and one ball passing through the boiler killed four men. The ram then swung round under the stern of the *Mercedita* and thus protected herself from the guns of that vessel. A demand for a surrender was made, and accepted to by the commander of the *Mercedita*, who believed his vessel to be sinking.

A boat from the *Mercedita* conveyed a request that the officers and crew be taken off, message to this effect on board the ram, with a demand for a surrender. The commander of the ram declined, alleging that he had no room, and proposed to parole the men. While the negotiations were pending, the flag ship of the blockading squadron had signalled the fleet, and the vessels from the U. S. rams station began to arrive. The *Keystone State*, in the meantime discovering the plight of her consort, started under a full head of steam towards the ram, intending to run her down. The ram got loose from the *Mercedita* in order to meet her coming assailant, and when the *Keystone State* was within ten yards of the ram, a broadside from the latter disabled her, a ball entering the boiler of the *Keystone State*, killing 33 and wounding 17. Among the killed was Dr. Goodrich and his steward. The *Keystone State*, although thus disabled, commenced firing broadside after broadside at the ram, and finally the rebel craft got away towards Charleston, and the *Mercedita* and *Keystone State* were taken in tow by vessels from the fleet.

The ram then turned her attention towards the prize steamship *Princess Royal*, as though the capture of that vessel was the sole object of the expedition. Sufficient steam had not been raised on board the prize vessel to assist in getting her off, and when the ram came towards her the engineers got the vessel under way by working the rods through until a number of the blockading fleet came to her assistance and again drove the rebel ram off, and she disappeared.

The only raising of the blockade was that occasioned by the concentration of the whole fleet at our point, in obedience to the signals from the flag ship, and by sunset the same evening all the vessels had resumed their stations. The fight lasted about two hours. The *Mercedita* and *Keystone State* were taken to Fort Mifflin, where a few days will suffice for the repairs to the boilers.

The fleet were unable to do much execution because of being at a long distance, the rebel rams keeping close into shore while skullduggery back to Charleston so as to get under the protection of the guns of the fort.

The *Princess Royal* left Port Royal on Tuesday last, at which time it was reported that the New Frontiers was inside the bar at Charleston, and within gunshot from the fort.

Several of the monitors were also on hand to render assistance, and carry out the destruction of all obstructions to the fleet at that point.

From one of the officers we learned some additional particulars of the attack upon the U. S. gunboat *Isaac Smith* at Stock Island. It appears that this vessel was in the practice of making reconnaissance up the tidal flats, several miles from its moor, and during the night the rebels erected three masked batteries at a certain point and when all were ready a cross fire was opened upon the vessel, doing much execution.



A DREAM.

BY FLORENCE TERRY.

Back again, darling? Oh, day of delight!  
How I have longed for you, morning and night!  
Wished for you, pined for you, all the days  
throughout  
Crying no more and no blessing but you—  
Angry for you, pined for you, sought you in  
vain.  
Surviving forever to find you again—  
Casting all anguish as thought, if I might  
Clasp you again as I clasp you to-night!

Oh, I have sorrowed and suffered so much  
Since I last saw your lips' loving touch—  
Through the night-watches—in daylight's broad  
beams,  
Anguished by visions and tortured by dreams—  
Dreams no more with bewildering pain,  
Still in a throbbing heart and in brain—  
Oh, for I dreamed—keep me close to your side,  
Darling, oh, darling—I dreamed you had died!

Dreamed that I stood by your pillow, and heard  
From your pale lips, love's last half-uttered  
word—  
And by the light of the May-morning skies  
Watched your face whiten, and saw your dear  
eyes  
Gazing far into the Wonderful Land—  
Felt your feet grow cold in my hand—  
"Darling," you whispered—"my darling!" you  
said  
Faintly, so faintly—and then you were dead!

Oh, the dark hours when I knelt by your grave,  
Calling upon you to love and to save—  
Pleading in vain for a sign or a word  
Only to tell me you listened and heard—  
Only to tell me you remembered and knew  
How all my soul was in anguish for you;  
Bitter, despairing, the tears that I shed,  
Darling, oh, darling, because you were dead!

Oh, the black days of your absence, my own!  
Oh, to be left in the wide world alone!  
Long, with my little one clamped to my breast,  
Wandered I, seeking for refuge and rest—  
Yet all the world was so careless and cold,  
Valley I sought for a sheltering fold—  
There was no roof and no home for my head,  
Darling, oh, darling, because you were dead!

Yet, in the midst of the darkness and pain,  
Darling, I knew I should find you again!  
Knew as the roses know, under the snow,  
How the next summer will set them aglow;  
So did I always, the dreary days through,  
Keep my heart single and sacred to you,  
As on the beautiful day we were wed—  
Darling, oh, darling, although you were dead!

Oh, the great joy of waking, to know  
I did but dream all that torturing woe!  
Oh, the delight, that my searching can trace  
Nothing of coldness or change in your face!  
Still in your forehead unfurrowed and fair—  
None of the light is lost out of your hair—  
None of the light from your dear eyes has fled—  
Darling, oh, how could I dream you were dead!

Now you are here, you will always remain,  
Never, oh, never to leave me again!  
Now it has vanished, the anguish of years!  
Vanished! say, there are not sorrowful tears—  
Happiness only my cheek has imparted—  
There is no grieving for me in the world—  
Dark clouds may threaten, but I have no fear,  
Darling, oh, darling, because you are here!

—Portland Transcript.

A BUDGET OF LETTERS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

LETTER I.

MY DEAR SIR:—  
Knowing you to be a philanthropist,  
and interested in the welfare of the working  
classes, I, as the representative of hundreds  
of thousands who have never yet, in words,  
given expression to their complaints, or asked  
sympathy for their wrongs, appeal to you.  
My story shall be as brief as possible, that I  
may not tax your patience overmuch.

In all works of imagination, a description  
of the heroine seems to have been considered  
essential. Practical as I am, as the heroine  
of my own story, it may not be amiss to give  
you some idea of my person.

Our family is a large one, but it has its dis-  
tinctive features and marked peculiarities.  
We are, compared with human beings, a  
dwarfish race, averaging only about three feet  
and a half in height. I cannot boast of a  
head, though I have one eye, something equi-  
valent to a mouth, and several very strong  
and valuable teeth. I have two good arms,  
but only one leg; this deficiency is partly  
compensated for by two feet, and I may  
proudly say that our family can run faster  
than perhaps any other of the species—  
Nevertheless, we do not run from an oppo-  
sitive force, but always face the foe, and never  
yield an inch of vantage-ground, resolutely  
pressing on to conquest.

My sisters and myself are always richly  
and neatly clad. My dress, though an im-  
provement on the ancient fig-leaf, like that  
originated in the primordial forests of luxuriant  
tropic vegetation. Our ornaments are prin-  
cipally of shining silver and glittering steel,  
judiciously and tastefully arranged.

My memory does not extend very far back.  
I can recall but little of my early history.  
Like the goddess of Wisdom, whom in many  
respects we resemble, I, in common with  
others of my race, may have sprung, all  
armed, from the brain of some great and  
beneficent deity. Vague reminiscences still  
hang about me, as of Vulcan's forge, and  
many tools, of hammering and sawing, filing  
and drilling, but they are shadowy and dis-  
connected. My earliest positive recollections  
are of a vast assemblage of the sisterhood,  
whom I recognized by their likeness to my-  
self; but I had hardly time to observe, far  
less to greet them, when I was unconscio-  
usly seized, and, as I then thought, barbar-  
ously mutilated, and thrust into a dark pri-  
son. How long I was confined there I have  
no means of telling, for I "take no note of  
time but from its loss," and being endowed  
with perpetual youth, have had little occa-  
sion to number the hours. When I again  
emerged into daylight the scene was changed.  
A friendly hand lifted my disordered mem-  
ory, and kindly voice greeted me. I was

placed in a warm corner, and allowed to use  
my eye and exercise my cramped limbs. It  
was then that I formed my first intimacy  
with humanity, having obtained an age and  
position in which I could reflect and reason.

My mistress was pleased with me and  
proud of me. In my turn, I sought to lighten  
her labors by the use of all the powers of my  
nature. Though I could speak only in a low  
and indistinct hum, which she could not fully  
interpret, she recognized my voice as that of  
a friend. When wearied with manifold house-  
hold toils, she sat down beside me, relieved  
by my presence, and confiding in my ready  
sympathy. She knew me to be no more  
summer friend, but true as steel through all  
seasons.

You will think, perhaps, that with a kind  
and appreciative mistress, light labors, plenty  
of nourishing food, and excellent digestion,  
my lot must therefore have been a happy  
one, my sky free from clouds. Alas! how  
little does humanity comprehend the trials  
of inferior races subject to its control.

As usual, when a stranger arrives in a  
place, I received many calls. With all my  
mistress's energy she could not save me from  
being roughly handled by the curious, who  
had nearly destroyed me in their eagerness  
to examine the structure of this, to them,  
novel creature. Fortunately for me, my  
nerves are of iron and my muscles of steel,  
and though my members may be disarranged,  
they are not easily broken.

Another very serious trouble to me has  
been that I was not at first supposed to be  
capable of feeding myself. I was therefore  
cramped till my teeth ached with trying to  
devour, and my digestion was seriously im-  
paired. It may here be asked what kind of  
food is most to my taste. My principal diet  
has been cotton, and in these times, when  
cotton is scarce and high, the only fault  
which can be found with me is my voracity.

Place a piece of cloth beside me, and I swallow sheets, table-cloths, pillow cases, towels,  
etc., with the appetite of an anaconda, as  
fast as they can be served up to me. Though  
everything about me betokens a warm and  
genial disposition, and as I have said, my  
dress originated in a tropic clime, I yet, like  
the inhabitant of the frigid zone, require a  
diet consisting partly of oil. If this is with-  
held, my joints grow stiff, I lose my appe-  
tite, and my whole system languishes.

Here my mistress suggests that, as the me-  
tallic points by which I have succeeded in  
establishing a communication with her as my  
annunciators, are but imperfect and slow me-  
thods of imparting ideas, I allow her to tell  
the rest of my story through the medium of  
a purer metal, one of A. Morton's gold pens,  
which she assures me is more conducive to  
an easy flow of thought, as well as an elegant  
chirography, than the coarser marks of my  
clumsy fingers. She has therefore broken  
the thread of my discourse, and somewhat  
unconsciously ordered me to "shut up."  
Obedient from habit, as well as inclination, I  
respectfully subscribe myself

A SEWING MACHINE.

LETTER II.

MY DEAR UNKNOWN FRIEND:—  
I take pleasure in imagining you to  
be, like myself, a countrywoman. I had al-  
most said "lady," but the latter suggests to me,  
in this connection, the idea of an elegant,  
languid, and delicately fingered beauty, alter-  
nating between a damask-covered lounge  
with a yellow-covered novel, a carriage with  
liveried coachman and footman, the sumptu-  
ously furnished parlor of a fashionable friend,  
the opera, concert, or ball-room. You, my  
dear madam, I am happy in believing, inhale  
the fresh air of the fields, and walk out to  
visit your neighbor, fearless of the dewy  
grass, with stout shoes on your feet, carrying  
your knitting work in your pocket. Your  
summer pleasures are the free concerts of the  
bright-plumed warblers of the air, and your  
winter amusements a pleasant book read by  
the light of a cheerful lamp, before a bright  
and blazing wood fire.

This is the poetic side of the picture, in the  
foreground of which you form a prominent  
figure. I also imagine you with "nine small  
children and one" in your arms, rising at day-  
break, dressing the children, milking the  
cows, preparing the breakfast, washing the  
dishes, skimming the milk, churning and  
cheese-making, feeding the pigs and chickens,  
making the beds, sweeping the house, cook-  
ing the dinner, washing, ironing, baking and  
brewing. I see you during harvest-time, with  
buried feet going about your extra house-  
hold duties. I see you when summer yields  
its beautiful store of berries, industriously  
canning them as they are picked by little  
fingers, and when autumn lavishes its wealth  
of fruit, busily piling apples and peaches for  
the dry-house. Neither do I forget, dear  
friend, for my heart warms towards you as I  
proceed, the duties devolving upon you at  
the slaughter of those unromantic creatures,  
swine. The lard to be tried out, the sausage-  
meat to be chopped, the brine to be pre-  
pared, the pork to be pickled, and all those  
mysterious and palatable viands which in-  
genious housewifery conceals, known as  
head cheese, sausage, &c. When winter comes,  
and with it the long evenings and the bright  
fire, the husband and the nine small children  
must go barefoot, but for your unremittent  
industry.

Are you overwhelmed with the prospect of  
years of such toils? And yet I have not men-  
tioned the needle: not said one word about  
shirts, pants, coats, vests, aprons,  
dresses, and all the unmentionable garments  
of the wardrobe which Mother Eve bequeathed  
to her remotest descendants. Methinks I  
hear you sigh as you recall what you have  
already done, and reflect on what remains for  
you to do, ere you find that rest which the  
weary housewife longs for, and sees nowhere  
but in the grave.

While, with your polished knitting-needles  
for a moment idle, and your work lying care-  
lessly in your lap, you are lost in meditation  
on the burdens which seem all too heavy for  
feeble woman's strength, allow me to suggest  
a remedy,

A SEWING MACHINE.

LETTER III.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR MADAM:—  
In my last letter I admitted a sun-  
beam into your mind shrouded with anxiety  
and care. Let me raise the curtain higher,  
as you are able to bear it, till by degrees the  
full radiance of the mid-day sun gladdens  
your vision.

Your kind and thoughtful husband, hav-  
ing witnessed your noble exertions to make  
his home happy, has been racking his brains  
for some method of lightening your labors.  
On New Year's day he visits the neighboring  
town, and loading himself with toys and  
candy for the little ones, can think of no  
better present for you than a sewing-ma-  
chine.

I have supposed you to live "remote from  
cities," and very possibly with no informa-  
tion respecting the sewing-machine except  
from the printed directions which accompany  
it. You find yourself gazing wonderingly at  
a multiplicity of mechanical contrivances  
quite new to you, and supplied with a variety  
of tools the uses of which you do not know.  
To me the book of directions now seems very  
plain. But I must candidly confess, that,  
being by nature endowed with profound stu-  
pidity with regard to mechanics, and wholly  
unaccustomed to the use of machinery, it  
was at first like the grammar of a new lan-  
guage. You may not, and probably do not,  
any more than I did, have a clear idea of  
"balance-wheels," "hand-wheels," "sandal-  
shafts," "clasp rings," "pitmans," "rotating  
hooks," "loop checks," "feed-bars," "feed-  
springs," "volute-springs," "bobbins," "ten-  
sion-pulleys," &c. It is perfectly proper, and  
very clear to the initiated and those who  
have just graduated from the dictionary, to  
talk of "periphery," and "chamfered por-  
tions," but alas! to the mother of the nine  
plus one small children, who has even forgot-  
ten how to spell *pathetic*, a few verbal in-  
structions, illustrated by an exhibition of the  
various parts alluded to, would be much  
more useful and satisfactory. Having wor-  
ried through the sewing-machine grammar,  
whose dilapidated leaves bear witness to my  
faithful perusal, let me simplify it for you.

I will presume your sewing-machine to be  
one of Wheeler & Wilson's half case. This  
is not an unnatural supposition, for if your  
husband has been thoughtful enough to pro-  
vide such an assistant to your household la-  
bors, he has shown himself to be a man of too  
much sense to throw away his money on the  
cheap, clumsy, and ephemeral things, which  
are thrust into the market in every direction,  
now that sewing-machines have been dis-  
covered to be a necessity. Before you is a  
smooth and glistening plate, called the cloth-  
plate, because the cloth for sewing passes  
over it. Suspended above this plate are the  
extremities of two arms, one holding the  
needle, and the other terminating in what is  
called the cloth-presser, the latter having a  
hole through which the needle passes. At  
the right of the cloth-plate, and beneath it,  
is the bobbin or spool used for the under  
thread, held against the rotating hook by a  
small frame fastened by a screw. Here also  
is a leather loop-check or brush, the use of  
which is explained in the directions. The  
leather one is to be kept well oiled, the brush  
is to be touched with oil only occasionally.  
On the left of the cloth-plate, or rather on  
your left as you sit before the machine, and  
also beneath it, is the lever which regulates  
the length of the stitch. This is fastened to  
the plate, so that when the latter is un-  
screwed and removed, you cannot witness  
the operation. It increases or lessens the  
movement of the feed-bar and thus lengthens  
or shortens the stitch. At the other extremity  
of the needle arm we find the tension-pulley,  
which is regulated by a spring, secured by a  
screw.

Your first lesson should be to acquire a  
regular motion of the foot. This is best  
learned with no thread in the needle. The  
next lesson may be to guide the work, which  
is also best learned with the needle only.

These accomplishments having been ac-  
quired, you may wind the under thread on  
the metallic spool. And here let me give  
you a little useful information with regard to  
thread. Follow the directions of the book im-  
plicitly as to the proportions, and you will have  
no trouble. The thread most easily obtained  
is Coats', which is always to be depended  
upon. It must be of the very best quality,  
as it is evident that a knot or rough place  
suddenly coming in contact with the eye of  
the needle when the machine is in rapid mo-  
tion, must unavoidably pull it to one side, in  
which case the point of the needle strikes the  
metal and bends or breaks. Heavy work is  
best sewn with machine-silk. Coarse cotton  
of dark colors can be used with dark work,  
(Coats', Orrs & McNaught's, or Clark's) but  
no black cotton is strong enough. Some tail-  
ors use, for black work, the thread of the  
Williamite Linen Company. I have never  
tried it. Linen thread on spools is also sold  
for this purpose, but must be carefully tried  
before using freely, as linen is too fibrous to  
make a smooth thread. For silk the tension  
must be made tighter than for cotton.

The length of the stitch must be propor-  
tioned to the lightness of the tension. If you  
lengthen your stitch, loosen the tension, for  
the evident reason that a long stitch requires  
more thread than a short one. Experiment  
on cloth about the thickness of that you in-  
tend to sew, that you may not have the  
trouble of picking out work you wish to have  
permanent. The stitch once regulated, it is  
best to have a quantity of work prepared,  
requiring about the same arrangement of stitch.  
If plain seams, then try to do a number in  
succession, then do all your gathering or  
hemming at a time. If you have some one  
who can baste nicely, much more work can  
be accomplished. To baste for the machine  
so as to save labor requires some ingenuity.  
One seam will serve for a binding. If you  
wish to hem or face on the right side, let  
your basting stitches on that side be longer  
and even that they may serve as a guide.  
If your needles are not adjusted so as to  
strike exactly in the centre of the hole in the

cloth-presser, bend them with the pin 'till  
they do. In commencing a seam, you are  
told to leave several inches of thread; in  
sewing many short seams where they do not  
need to be fastened off, you have but to place  
the first edge of the new seam under the  
cloth-presser next to the last edge of the old  
seam, and afterwards cut them apart. Pull  
the upper thread with your thumb and finger  
when you wish to take out your work, and  
raise the cloth-presser.

Allow no one to meddle with your machine  
but the member of the family who is to do  
the sewing. The fewer persons who have to  
deal with it the better, and the longer will it  
last. Take it apart daily and oil as per direc-  
tions, using nothing but the pure sperm oil  
furnished by the agents. If you bend the  
point of a needle, sharpen it upon the circular  
hone which accompanies the machine, plac-  
ing the hone on the cylinder where you  
wind the metallic spool, and turning the  
point of the needle as the hone revolves. If  
your cloth has much dressing rub a little soap  
where the seam is to be, and after sharpen-  
ing your needle soap the point of that a little.  
Do not let Tommy or Johnny or the baby play  
with the metallic spools, however tempting to  
teething children. If the edges are rough  
they will wear off the thread.

These are all the directions I think of at  
present. Some I learned from the book,  
some by perplexed experience, and some  
were given me by friends. Follow them  
faithfully, and then let me know how you  
like your new

SEWING MACHINE.

LETTER IV.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR MADAM:—  
I feel that it would be almost an act of in-  
justice, however much the effort may cost  
me to give it, were I to withhold a little sup-  
plementary advice, also founded on expe-  
rience, which you may find extremely useful.  
Additional lessons to those already given can-  
not harm, and may benefit you.

If you have never acquired that very con-  
venient accomplishment

Learn to say No.

I sincerely trust you will not be more than  
once asked to lend your sewing machine  
before it is unpacked, certainly before you  
have learned to use it. I sincerely trust you  
will not see, as I have seen, the best friends  
grow cool and drop off because you cannot  
conscientiously allow the wives of Thomas,  
Richard and Henry to experiment upon your  
new treasure. A sewing machine is not a  
sausage-cutter, a corn sheller, a cider-press,  
or a cooking-stove. I can imagine the as-  
tonishment of your neighbor, who has just  
purchased a new cooking stove, when you,  
on the pretext that yours is nearly worn out,  
and before buying another you wish to see  
whether hers is the best kind, walk into her  
house at dawn some fine morning and setting  
her husband to chop firewood for your use,  
coolly call for the various ingredients which  
constitute a loaf of bread, and while the fam-  
ily are waiting for breakfast, leisurely pro-  
ceed with your operations, till having suc-  
ceeded in obtaining a satisfactory result, you  
walk off with your loaf, with scarcely even a  
thanksgiving. I can imagine also the sur-  
prise of your neighbor who has just bought  
a new horse and carriage to have you, who  
have none of your own, though you can be-  
tter afford to buy one than he can, send for  
them every time you wish to ride on business  
or for pleasure. Still more absurd is it for  
your neighbor to expect that you, as yet im-  
perfectly understanding the machine, and in-  
expert at using it, can be ready at all times  
to leave your household or your own sewing  
to execute theirs. For instance, you are  
making a pair of pants which Willie sadly  
needs. You have succeeded in adjusting  
every part of the machine to your satisfac-  
tion, and are preparing to your heart's con-  
tent, when in comes Mrs. B. with some very  
fine stitching for a baby's dress. Out comes  
your No. 8 needle and your linen thread,  
you unwind from the metallic spool all the  
thread you have just made ready for your  
own sewing, put in a fine needle, wind a  
spool of fine cotton, alter the stitch and ten-  
sion, and all for a piece of work which it  
takes about fifteen minutes to accomplish.  
The probability is that the visitor, ignorant of  
the quality of thread required, brings you a  
poor article, and rather than disappoint her  
you use your own. A little thread is nothing.  
And what is a needle? Nothing, also, mad-  
am, if you give it fair usage, for the same  
needle may be sewn with for six months, and  
by carelessness or poor thread you may break  
twenty in a day. You do not like to ask her  
to pay you for your needle or your thread,  
the loop-checks worn out, or the oil, of which  
you have used the last drop in her service,  
and which cannot be obtained short of a ten-  
miles' ride over almost impassable roads to the  
nearest town. You do not like to ask a few  
cents a yard for sewing, as you have neither  
time nor ability to sew for all, and to make  
exceptions would give offence. I could give  
you some items of my experience, brief as  
it has been, which would determine you to  
be resolute from the beginning. For want  
of this resolution I have suffered three years  
of martyrdom, and yet I dare not go into  
particulars, for the offenders are, or have  
been, my bosom friends. My sewing ma-  
chine has, as a magnet attracts iron filings,  
divided these friends into two very distinct  
classes—those who come and those who stay  
away on its account.

With the advent of the year '63 I have  
turned over a new leaf. I have made a nice  
needle book and filled it with machine  
needles. I have provided myself with every  
variety and size of thread which I expect to  
have occasion to use. I have placed my  
machine in a light and pleasant corner of  
the room, and solemnly declared that under  
no circumstances, for no personal reasons, how-  
ever eloquent, no diplomacy, however crafty,  
nor for any consideration, however weighty,  
shall friend or foe, shall any mortal hand but  
mine own meddle with my

SEWING MACHINE.

DR. FRANKLIN AND HIS MOTHER.

It was an idea of Dr. Franklin's, if not a  
settled opinion, that a mother might, by a  
kind of instinct of natural affection, recog-  
nize her children, even though she had lost  
the recollection of their features. And on a  
visit to his native town of Boston, he deter-  
mined to ascertain by experiment whether  
his theory was correct or not.

On a bleak and chilly day in the month of  
January, the doctor, late in the afternoon,  
knocked on the door of his mother's house,  
and asked to speak with Mrs. Franklin. He  
found the old lady knitting before the parlor  
fire. He introduced himself, and observing  
that he understood the entertained travellers,  
requested lodgings for the night.

She eyed him with that cold look of dis-  
approbation which most people assume who  
imagine themselves insulted by being sup-  
posed to exercise an employment which they  
deem a degree below their real occupation  
in life. She assured him he had been misin-  
formed—she did not keep a tavern, nor did  
she keep a house to entertain strangers. It  
was true, she added, that to oblige some  
members of the Legislature, she took a small  
number of them into her family during the  
session; that she had four members of the  
Council and six of the House of Representa-  
tives, who then boarded with her, and that  
all her beds were full.

Having said this, she resumed her knitting  
with that intense application which said, as  
forcibly as she could, if you have concluded  
your business, the sooner you leave the bet-  
ter. But on the doctor wrapping his cloak  
about him, affecting to shiver, and observing  
that the weather was very cold, she pointed  
to a chair, and gave him leave to warm him-  
self.

The entrance of boarders prevented all  
further conversation. Coffee was served, and  
he partook with the family. To the coffee,  
according to the good old custom of the  
times, succeeded a plate of pippins, pies, and  
a paper of tobacco, when the whole company  
formed a cheerful semi-circle before the fire.

Perhaps no man ever possessed colloquial  
powers in a more fascinating degree than  
Doctor Franklin, and never was there an oc-  
casion on which he displayed them to better  
advantage than the present one. He drew  
the attention of the company by the solidity  
of his modest remarks, instructing them by  
the varied, new and striking lights in which  
he placed his subjects, and delighted them  
with apt illustration and amusing anecdotes.

Thus employed the hours passed merrily  
until supper was announced. Mrs.  
Franklin, busied with her household affairs,  
supposed the intruding stranger had left the  
house immediately after coffee, and it was  
with dislike she saw him seat himself at the  
table with the freedom of a member of the  
family.

Immediately after supper she called an el-  
derly gentleman, a member of the Council  
in whom she was accustomed to confide,  
into another room, complained bitterly of  
the rudeness of the stranger, told the man-  
ner of his introduction to her house, and ob-  
served that he seemed an outlandish sort of  
a man. She thought he had something very  
suspicious in his appearance, and she con-  
cluded by soliciting her friend's advice as to  
the way she could most easily rid herself of  
his presence. The old gentleman assured  
her that the stranger was surely a young  
man of good education, and, to all appear-  
ances, a gentleman—that, perhaps, being in  
agreeable company, he paid no attention to  
the lateness of the hour. He advised her to  
call the stranger aside, and repeat her inabil-  
ity to lodge him. She accordingly sent her  
maid to him, and with as much compla-  
cency as she could command, she recapitu-  
lated the situation of her family, observed  
that it grew late, and mildly intimated he  
would do well to seek lodgings.

The doctor replied that he would by no  
means inconvenience the family, but with her  
leave he would smoke one more pipe with  
her boarders, and then retire.

He returned to the company, filled his  
pipe, and with the first whiff his conversa-  
tional powers returned with double force.  
He recounted the hardships endured by his  
ancestors, he extolled their piety, virtue and  
devotion to religious freedom. The subject  
of the day's debate in the House of Repre-  
sentatives was mentioned by one of the mem-  
bers. A bill had been introduced to extend  
the prerogative of the royal Governor. The  
doctor immediately joined in the discussion,  
supported the colonial rights with new and  
forcible arguments, was familiar with the  
names of the influential men in the House  
when Dudley was Governor, recited their  
speeches and applauded their noble defence  
of the charter of rights.

During a discourse so appropriately inter-  
esting to the delighted company, no wonder  
the clock struck unperceived by them. Nor  
was it a wonder that the patience of Mrs.  
Franklin became entirely exhausted. She  
now entered the room and addressed the  
doctor before the whole company, with a  
warmth glowing with a determination to be  
her own protectress. She told him plainly  
that she thought herself imposed on, but that  
she had friends who would defend her, and  
insisted that he should immediately leave the  
house.

The doctor made a slight apology and de-  
liberately put on his great coat and hat; took  
leave of the company, and approached the  
street door, attended by the mistress and  
lighted by the maid.

While the doctor and his companions had  
been enjoying themselves within a most tre-  
mendous storm of wind and rain had occur-  
red, and no sooner had the maid lifted open  
the latch than a roaring northeaster forced open  
the door, extinguished the light, and almost  
filled the entry with drifted snow and hail.  
As soon as the candle was relighted, the doc-  
tor cast a wistful look toward the door and  
thus addressed his mother:

"My dear madam, can you turn me out in  
this storm? I am a stranger in this town and

will perish in the street. You look like a  
charitable lady—I should not think that you  
could turn a dog from your house this cold  
and stormy night."

"Don't talk of charity!" replied his moth-  
er, "charity begins at home. It is your  
own fault, not mine, that you have tarried so  
long. To be plain with you, sir, I do not  
like either your looks or conduct, and fear  
you have some bad design in thus intruding  
into my family."

The wrath of this parley had drawn the  
company from the parlor, and by their united  
interference the stranger was permitted to  
lodge in the house, and as no bed could be  
had he consented to rest in an easy chair be-  
fore the parlor fire.

Though the boarders appeared to confide  
in the stranger's honesty, it was not so with  
Mrs. Franklin. With suspicious caution she  
collected her silver spoons, pepper-box and  
porringer, from her closets, and after securing  
her parlor door by sticking a fork over the  
latch, carried the valuables to her chamber,  
charging the negro man to sleep with his  
clothes on, to take the great cleaver to bed  
with him, and to waken and seize the vagrant  
at the first noise he should make in attempt-  
ing to plunder.

Mrs. Franklin rose before the sun, roused  
the domestics, and was quite agreeably sur-  
prised to find her guest quietly sleeping in  
his chair. She awoke him with a cheerful  
good-morning, inquired how he rested, and  
invited him to partake of her breakfast,  
which was always served previous to that of  
her boarders.

"And pray, sir," said Mrs. Franklin, "as  
you appear to be a stranger in Boston, to  
what distant country do you belong?"

"I belong, madam, to the colony of Penn-  
sylvania, and reside in Philadelphia."

At the mention of Philadelphia, the doctor  
declared that he for the first time perceived  
something like emotion in her.

"Philadelphia!" said she, while the earnest  
anxiety of a mother suffused her eye, "why  
if you live in Philadelphia perhaps you know  
my Ben?"

"Who, madam?"

"Ben Franklin. My dear Ben. Oh! how  
I would give the world to see him! He is  
the dearest son that ever blessed a mother."

"What! is Ben Franklin the printer, your  
son? Why, he is my most intimate friend.  
He and I worked together and lodged in the  
same room."

"Oh! heaven forgive me!" exclaimed the  
lady raising her tearful eyes, "and I have  
suffered a friend of my son Ben to sleep upon  
this hard chair, while I myself rested on a  
soft bed!"

Mrs. Franklin then told her unknown  
guest that though he had been absent from  
her ever since he was a child, she could not  
fail to know him among a thousand strange  
faces, for there was a natural feeling in the  
breeze of every mother, which she knew  
would enable her without a possibility of a  
mistake, to recognize her son in any disguise  
he might assume.

Franklin doubted and took leave to dis-  
pute his mother's proposition on the power of  
natural feeling. He said he had tried the  
"natural feeling" in his own mother, and  
found it deficient in the power she ascribed  
to it.

"And did your mother," inquired she,  
"not know you? or if she did not seem to  
know you, was not her kindness to you an  
evidence that she saw something in your ap-  
pearance which was dear to her, so that she  
could not resist treating you with particular  
tenderness and affection?"

"No, indeed," replied Franklin, "she  
neither knew me, nor did she treat me with  
the least symptoms of kindness. She would  
have turned me out of doors but for the in-  
terposition of strangers. She could hardly  
be persuaded to let me sit at her table. I  
knew I was in my mother's house, and had  
a claim upon her hospitality; and therefore  
you may suppose when she peremptorily  
commanded me to leave the house, I was in  
no hurry to obey."

"Surely," interrupted his mother, "she  
could not have treated you so unmotherly  
without some cause."

"I gave her none," replied the doctor.  
"She would tell you herself I had always  
been a dutiful son—that she doted upon me,  
and when I came to her house as a stranger,  
my behavior was scrupulously correct and  
respectful. It was a stormy night, and I had  
been absent so long that I had become a  
stranger in the place. I told my mother this,  
and yet, so little was she influenced by the  
'natural feeling' of which you speak, that  
she absolutely refused me a bed, and would  
hardly suffer what she called my presump-  
tion in taking a seat at the table. But this  
was not the worst, for no sooner was the sup-  
per ended than my good mother told me with  
an air of solemn earnestness, that I must  
leave the house."

Franklin then proceeded to describe the  
scene at the front door—the snow drift that  
came so opportunely into the entry—his ap-  
peal to her "natural feeling" of a mother's  
unnatural and unfeeling rejection of his  
prayer—and, finally, her very reluctant com-  
pliance with the solicitations of other per-  
sons in his behalf—that he might be permit-  
ted to sleep in a chair.

Every word in this touching recital went  
home to the heart of Mrs. Franklin, who  
could not fail to perceive that it was a true  
narrative of the events of the preceding  
night in her own house; and while she en-  
deavored to escape from the self-reproach  
that she had acted the part of an unfeeling  
mother, she could not easily resist the con-  
viction that the stranger, who became more  
and more interesting to her as he proceeded  
in his discourse, was indeed her own son.  
But when she observed the tender expres-  
siveness of his eyes, as he feelingly recapitu-  
lated the circumstances under which she at-  
tempted to turn him abjectly into the street,  
her maternal conviction overcame all doubts,  
and she threw herself into his arms ex-  
claiming, "It must be—it must be my dear  
Ben!"



## GOLDEN WORDS.

BY ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

Some words are played on golden strings,  
Which I so highly rate,  
I cannot bear for meaner things  
Their sound to deprecate.

For every day they are not most,  
Or for a careless time;  
They are for sweet, and most sweet,  
And nobler than mine.

One word is Power: which is strong  
So carefully away,  
When such as you and I have sung,  
We hear it, day by day.

Men pay it for a tender phrase  
Set in a cadenced rhyme;  
I keep it as a crown of praise  
To crown the kings of time.

And Love: the slightest feelings, stirred  
By trivial fancy, seek  
Expression in that golden word  
They tarnish while they speak.

Nay, let the heart's slow, rare decree,  
That word in reverence keep;  
Silence herself should only be  
More sacred and more deep.

For even: men have grown at length  
To use that word, to raise  
Some feeble protest into strength,  
Or turn some tender phrase.

It should be said in awe and fear  
By true heart and strong will,  
And burn more brightly year by year,  
A starry witness still.

Honor: all trifling honors are fond  
Of that divine appeal,  
And men, upon the slightest bond,  
Set it as slighter seal.

That word should meet a noble foe  
Upon a noble field,  
And echo—like a deadly blow  
Turned by a silver shield.

Trust me, the worth of words is such  
They guard all noble things,  
And that this rash irreverent touch  
Has jarred some golden strings.

For what the lips have lightly said  
The heart will lightly hold,  
And things on which we daily tread  
Are lightly bought and sold.

The sun of every day will bleach  
The costliest purple hue,  
And so our common daily speech  
Discolors what was true.

But as you keep some thoughts apart  
In sacred honored care,  
If in the silence of your heart,  
Their utterance too be rare;

Then, while a thousand words repeat  
Unmeaning clamors all,  
Melodious golden echoes sweet  
Shall answer when you call.

FROM AN ENGLISH PERIODICAL.

## THE WIDOW'S NITE.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

"But I'm not a widow, and I haven't got two mites."

"My dear, you are a widow, and you have got two mites."

"I'll tell both of you something that will astonish you. I've made a calculation, and I find that if everybody in England would give up their Christmas dinner, that is, in Scotland and Ireland, too—"

"They never have any in Ireland, Bob."

"Hold your tongue till I've done, Charley. They do have Christmas dinners in Ireland. It's pretty nearly the only day that they do, and I don't count much upon them either. But if everybody gave up his special Christmas dinner, and dined as he does on other days, the saving would amount to two millions and a half."

Charley whistled.

"Two millions and a half is a large sum of money," said Mrs. Granger, the elder lady of the party.

"Those calculations never do any good," said the younger lady, who had declared herself not to be a widow.

"Those calculations do a great deal of good," continued Bob, carrying on his argument with continued warmth. "They show us what a great national effort would do."

"A little national effort I should call that," said Mrs. Granger. "But I should doubt the two millions and a half."

"Half a crown a head on thirty million people would do it. You are to include all the beer, wine, and whiskey. But suppose you take off one-fifth for the babies and young girls, who don't drink."

"Thank you, Bob," said the younger lady, —Nora Field by name.

"And two more fifths for the poor, who haven't got the half-crown a head," said the elder lady.

"And never get your half-crown after all," said Nora.

It need hardly be said that the subject under discussion was the best mode of abstracting from the pockets of the non-suffering British public a sufficiency of money to sustain the suffering portion during the period of the cotton famine. Mr. Granger was the rector of Plumstock, a parish in Cheshire, sufficiently near to the manufacturing districts to give to every incident of life at that time a coloring taken from the distress of the neighborhood; but which had not itself ever been on cotton.—For Plumstock boasted a small branch of agriculture. Mr. Granger was a man of some energy and some talent, and was much respected in the neighborhood, with the difficulty of the cotton famine might be, should

be, or should not be, suffered, were eminently under discussion in the society. Mr. Granger himself was a practical man, somewhat hard in his manner, but by no means hard in his heart, who had in those times taken upon himself the business of alms-giving on a large scale. He declined to look at the matter in a political, statistical, or economical point of view, and answered all questions as to rates, rates in aid, loans, and the Consolidated Fund, with a touch of sarcasm, which showed the bent of his own mind.

"I've no doubt you'll have settled all that in the wisest possible way by the time that the war is over, and the river full of cotton again."

"Father," Bob replied, pointing across the Cheshire fells to the Mersey, "that river will never again be full of American cotton."

"It will be all the same for the present purpose, if it comes from India," said the rector, declining all present argument on the great American question. To collect alms was his immediate work, and he would do nothing else. Five-pound notes, sovereigns, half-crowns, shillings, and pence! In search of these he was urgent, we may almost say day and night, begging with a pertinacity which was disagreeable, but irresistible.

The man who gave him five sovereigns, instantly became the mark for another petition.—"When you have got your dinner, you have not done with the butcher for ever," he would say in answer to reproaches. "Of course, we must go on as long as things last." Then his friends and neighbors buttoned up their pockets; but Mr. Granger would extract coins from them even when buttoned.

The two young men who had taken part in the above argument were his sons. The elder, Charles, was at Oxford, but now in these Christmas days—for Christmas was close at hand—had come home. Bob, the second son, was in a merchant's house in Liverpool, intending to become, in the fulness of time, a British merchant prince. It had been hinted to him, however, more than once, that if he would talk a little less, and work a little harder, the path to his princedom would be quicker found than if his present habits were maintained. Nora Field was Mrs. Granger's niece. She was Miss Field, and certainly not a widow in the literal sense of the word; but she was about to become a bride a few weeks after Christmas. "It is spoil from the Amalekites," Mr. Granger had said, when she had paid in some contribution from her slender private stores to his treasury—"spoil from the Amalekites, and therefore the more precious." He had called Nora Field's two sovereigns spoil from the Amalekites, because she was to marry an American.

Frederic Frew, or Frederic F. Frew, as he had been christened Franklin as well as Frederic—and to an American it is always a point of honor that, at any rate, the initial of his second Christian name should be remembered by all men—was a Pennsylvanian from Philadelphia; a strong Democrat, according to the politics of his own country, hating the Republicans, as the Tories used to hate the Whigs among us, before political feeling had become extinct; speaking against Lincoln the President, and Seward his minister, and the Fremonts, and Sumners, and Phillips, and Beechers of the Republican party, fine hardy words of powerful condemnation, such as used to be spoken against Earl Grey and his followers, but nevertheless as steady for the war as Lincoln, or Seward, or any Republican of them all;—as steady for the war, and as keen in his bitterness against England. His father had been a partner in a house of business, of which the chief station had been in Liverpool. That house had now closed its transactions, and young Frew was living and intended to live an easy idle life on the moderate fortune which had been left to him; but the circumstances of his family affairs had made it necessary for him to pass many months in Liverpool, and during that sojourn he had become engaged to Nora Field. He had travelled much, going everywhere with his eyes open, as Americans do. He knew many things, had read many books, and was decided in his opinion on most subjects. He was good-looking too, and well-mannered; was kindly-hearted, and capable of much generosity. But he was hard, keen in his intelligence, but not broad in his genius, thin and meagre in his aspirations—not looking to or even desirous of anything great, but indulging a profound contempt for all that is very small. He was a well-instructed, but by no means learned man, who greatly despised those who were ignorant. I fear that he hated England in his heart; but he did not hate Nora Field, and was about to make her his wife in three or four weeks from the present time.

When Nora declared to her aunt that she was not a widow, and that she possessed no two mites, and when her aunt flatly contradicted her, stating that she was a widow, and did possess two mites, they had not intended to be understood by each other literally. It was an old dispute between them.

"What the widow gave," said Nora, "she gave off her own poor back, and therefore was very cold. She gave it out of her own poor mouth, and was very hungry afterwards in consequence. I have given my two pounds, but I shall not be cold or hungry. I wish I was a widow with two mites; only, the question is whether I should not keep them for my own back after all, and thus gain nothing by the move."

"As to that," replied her aunt, "I cannot speak. But the widowhood and two mites are there for us all, if we choose to make use of them."

"In these days," said Bob, "the widows with two mites should not be troubled at all. We can do it all without them if we go to work properly."

"If you had read your Bible properly, sir," said Mrs. Granger, "you would understand that the widows would not thank you for the exemption."

"I don't want the widows to thank me. I only want to live, and allow others to live,

according to the existing circumstances of the world." It was manifest from Bob's tone that he regarded his mother as a little better than an old lady.

In January, Nora was to become Mrs. Frederic F. Frew, and he at once talked away to new worlds, new politics, and new loves and hatreds. Like a true-hearted girl as she was, she had already become half an American in spirit. She was an old Union American, and as such was strong against the South; and in return for her service in that matter, her future husband consented to abstain from any present head of things English, and generously allowed her to defend her own country when it was assailed.

This was much as coming from an American. Let us hope that the same privilege may be accorded to her in her future home in Philadelphia.

But in the meantime, during those last weeks of her girlhood, those cold, cruel weeks of desperate want, she strove vigorously to do what little might be in her power for the poor of the country she was leaving.

All this want had been occasioned by the wretched rebels of the South. This was her theory. And she was right in much of this. Whether the Americans of the South are wretched or are rebels we will not say here; but of this there can be no doubt, that they have created all this misery which we are enduring. "But I have no way of making myself a widow," she said again. "Uncle Robert would not let me give away the cloak he gave me the other day."

"He would have to give you another," said Mrs. Granger.

"Exactly. It is not so easy, after all, to be a widow with two mites."

Nora Field had no fortune of her own, nor was her uncle in a position to give her any. He was not a poor man; but, like many men who are not poor, he had hardly a pound of his own in the shape of ready money. To Nora and to her cousin, and to certain other first cousins of the same family, had been left, some eighteen months since, by a grandfather, a hundred pounds apiece, and with this hundred pounds Nora was providing for herself her wedding trousseau. A hundred pounds do not go far in such provision, as some young married women who may read this will perhaps acknowledge; but Mr. Frederic F. Frew had been told all about it, and he was contented. Miss Field was fond of nice clothes, and had been tempted more than once to wish that her great aunt had left them all two hundred pounds apiece instead of one.

"If I were to cast in my wedding veil!" said Nora.

"That will be your husband's property," said her aunt.

"Ah, but before I'm married."

"Then why have it at all?"

"It is ordered, you know."

"Couldn't you bestir yourself with one made of false lace?" said her uncle. "Frew would never find it out, and that would be a most satisfactory spoiling of the Amalekites."

"He isn't an Amalekite, Uncle Robert. Or if he is, I'm another."

"Just so; and therefore false lace will be quite good enough for you. Molly"—Mrs. Granger's name was Molly—"I've promised to let them have the use of the great boiler in the back-kitchen once a week, and you are to furnish them with fuel."

"Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Granger, upon whose active charity this loan of her own kitchen boiler made a strain that was almost too severe. But she recovered herself in half a minute. "Very well, my dear. But you won't expect any dinner on that day."

"No; I shall expect no dinner; only some food in the rough. You may bolt that in the copper too, if you like it."

"You know, my dear, you don't like anything boiled."

"As for that, Molly, I don't suppose any of them like it. They'd all prefer roast mutton."

"The copper will be your two mites," whispered the niece.

"Only I have not thrown them in of my own accord," said Mrs. Granger.

Mr. Frew, who was living in Liverpool, always came over to Plumstock on Friday evening, and spent Saturday and Sunday with the rector and his family. For him those Saturdays were happy days, for Frederic F. Frew was a good lover. He liked to be with Nora, to walk with her, and to talk with her, and to make himself gracious and pleasant. I am not so sure that his coming was equally agreeable to Mr. Granger. Mr. Frew would talk about American politics, praising the feeling and spirit of his countrymen in the North; whereas Mr. Granger, when driven into the subject, was constrained to make a battle for the South. All his prejudices, and what he would have called his judgment, went with the South; and he was not ashamed of his opinion; but he disliked arguing with Frederic F. Frew. I fear it must be confessed that Frederic F. Frew was too strong for him in such arguments. Why it should be so I cannot say; but an American argues more closely on politics than does an Englishman. His convictions are not the truer on that account; very often the less true, as are the conclusions of a logician, because he trusts to syllogisms which are often false, instead of to the experience of his life and daily workings of his mind. But though not more true in his political convictions than an Englishman, he is more unanswerable, and therefore Mr. Granger did not care to discuss the subject of the American war with Frederic F. Frew.

"It riles me," Frew said, as he sat after dinner in the Plumstock drawing-room on the Friday evening before Christmas day, "to hear your folks talking of our elections. They think the war will come to an end, and—"

"No fear of that, Mr. Trollope. We will take each Jew as Nora Field that you can get to come here, and like them as the better for deserting their native land. Ed. Philadelphia Post."

the rebels of the South have their own way, because the Democrats have carried their ticket."

"It will have that tendency," said the parson.

"Not an inch; any more than your carrying the Reform Bill or repealing the Corn Laws had a tendency to put down the throne. It's the same sort of argument. Your two parties were at daggers drawn about the Reform Bill; but that did not cause you to split on all other matters."

"But the throne wasn't in question," said the parson.

"Nor is the war in question, not in that way. The most popular Democrat in the States at this moment is McClellan."

"And they say no one is so anxious to see the war ended."

"Whoever says so slanders him. If you don't trust his deeds, look at his words."

"I believe in neither," said the parson. "Then put him aside as a nobody. But you can't do that, for he is the man whom the largest party in the Northern States trusts most implicitly. The fact is, sir—and Frederic F. Frew gave the proper twang to the last letter of the last word—"you, none of you here, understand our politics. You can't realize the blessings of a—"

"Molly, give me some tea," said the rector, in a loud voice. When matters went as far as this he did not care by what means he stopped the voice of his future relative.

"All I say is this," continued Frew, "you will find out your mistake if you trust to the Democratic elections to put an end to the war, and bring cotton back to Liverpool."

"And what is to put an end to the war?" asked Nora.

"Victory and union," said Frederic F. Frew.

"Exhaustion," said Charley from Oxford.

"Compromise," said Bobby from Liverpool.

"The Lord Almighty, when he shall have done His work," said the parson. "And, in the meantime, Molly, do you keep plenty of fire under the kitchen boiler."

That was clearly the business of the present hour for all in Mr. Granger's part of the country—we may say, indeed, for all on Mr. Granger's side of the water. It mattered little, then, in Lancashire, whether New York might have a Democratic or a Republican Governor. The old cotton had been burned; the present crop could not be garnered; the future crop—the crop which never would be future, could not get itself sown. Mr. Granger might be a slow politician, but he was a practical man, understanding the things immediately around him; and they all were aware—Frederic F. Frew with the rest of them—that he was right when he bade his wife keep the fire well hot beneath the kitchen boiler.

"Isn't it almost wicked to be married in such a time as this?" It was much later in the evening when Nora, still troubled in her mind about her widow's mite, whispered these words into her lover's ears. If she were to give up her lover for twelve months, would not that be a throwing in of something to the treasury from off her own back and out of her own mouth? But then this matter of her marriage had been so fully settled that she feared to think of disturbing it. He would never consent to such a postponement. And then the offering, to be of avail for her, must be taken from her own back, not from his; and Nora had an idea that in the making of such an offering as that suggested, Mr. Frederic F. Frew would conceive that he had contributed by far the greater part. Her uncle called him an Amalekite, and she doubted whether it would be just to spoil an Amalekite after such a fashion as that. Nevertheless, into his ears she whispered her little proposition.

"Wicked to get married?" said Frederic.

"Not according to my idea of the Christian religion."

"Oh! but you know what I mean," and she gave him a slight caressing pinch. At this time her uncle had gone to his own room; her cousins had gone to their studies by which I believe they intended to signify the proper smoking of a pipe of tobacco in the rectory kitchen; and Mrs. Granger, seated in her easy chair, had gone to her slumbers, dreaming of the amount of fuel with which that kitchen boiler must be supplied.

"I shall bring a breach of promise against you," said Frederic, "if you don't appear in church with bridal array on Monday, the 12th of January; and pay the pounds into the war-treasury. That would be a spoiling of the Amalekite." Then he got hold of the fingers which had pinched him.

"Of course I shan't put it off, unless you agree."

"Of course you won't."

"But, dear Fred, don't you think we ought?"

"No; certainly not. If I thought you were in earnest I would could you."

"I am in earnest—quite. You need not look in that way, for you know very well how truly I love you. You know I want to be your wife above all things."

"Do you?" And then he began to insinuate his arm round her waist; but she got up and moved away, not as in anger at his caress, but as showing that the present moment was unfit for it.

"I do," she said, "above all things. I love you so well that I could hardly bear to see you go away again without taking me with you. I could hardly bear it—but I could bear it."

"Could you? Then I couldn't. I'm a weaker vessel than you, and your strength must give way to my weakness."

"I know I've no right to tax you, if you really care about it." Frederic F. Frew made no answer to this in words, but pursued her in her retreat from the sofa on which they had sat.

"Don't, Fred. I am so much in earnest. I wish I knew what I ought to do to throw in my two mites."

"Not throw me over certainly, and break all the promises you have made for the last

twelve months. You can't be in earnest. It's out of the question, you know."

"Oh! I am in earnest."

"I never heard of such a thing in my life. What good would it do? It wouldn't bring the cotton in. It wouldn't feed the poor. It wouldn't keep your aunt's boiler hot."

"No; that it wouldn't," said Mrs. Granger, starting up; "and such are such a terrible price." Then she went to sleep again, and ordered in large supplies in her dreams.

"But I should have done as much as the widow did. Indeed I should, Fred. Oh, dear!—to have to give you up! But I only mean for a year."

"As you are so very fond of me—"

"Of course, I'm fond of you. Should I let you do like that if I was not?"

At the moment of her speaking he had again got his arm round her waist.

"Then I'm too charitable to allow you to postpone your happiness for a day. We'll look at it in that way."

"You won't understand me, or rather you do understand me, and pretend that you don't, which is very wrong."

"I always was very wicked."

"Then why don't you make yourself better? Do not you, too, wish to be a widow? You ought to wish it."

"I should like to have an opportunity of trying married life first."

"I won't stay any longer with you, sir, because you are so selfish. Am I going to bed?" Then she returned again across the room, and whispered to her lover: "I'll tell you what, sir; I'll marry you on Monday the 12th of January, if you'll take me just as I am now; with a bonnet on, and a shawl over my dress; exactly as I walked out with you before dinner. When I made the promise, I never said anything about fine clothes."

"You may come in an old red cloak, if you like it."

"Very well; now mind I've got your consent. Good-night, sir. After all it will only be half a mite." She had turned towards the door, and had her hand upon the lock; but she came back into the room, close up to him. "It will not be a quarter of a mite," she said. "How can it be anything if I get you?" Then she kissed him, and hurried away out of the room, before he could again speak to her.

"What, what, what?" said Mrs. Granger, waking up. "So Nora has gone, has she?"

"Gone; yes, just this minute," said Frew, who had turned his face to the fire, so that the tear in his eye might not be seen. As he took himself off to his bed, he swore to himself that Nora Field was a tramp, and that he had done well in securing for himself such a wife; but it never occurred to him that she was in any way in earnest about her wedding-dress. She was a tramp because she was so expressive in her love to himself, and because her eyes shone so brightly when she spoke eagerly on any matter; but as to her appearing at the altar in a red cloak, or as was more probable, in her own customary thick woollen shawl, he never thought about it. Of course she would be married as other girls are married.

Nora had Nora thought of it till that moment in which she had made the proposition to her lover. As she had said before, her veil was ordered, and so was her white silk dress. Her bonnet also had been ordered, with its bridal wreath, and the other things according therewith. A vast hole was to be made in her grandaunt's legacy for the payment of all this finery; but, as Mrs. Granger had said to her, in so spending it, she would best please her future husband. He had enough of his own, and would not care that she should provide herself with articles which he could afterwards give her, at the expense of that little smartness at his wedding which an American likes, at any rate, as well as an Englishman. Nora, with an honesty which some ladies may not admire, had asked her lover the question in the plainest language. "You will have to buy my things so much the sooner," she had said. "I'd buy them all to-morrow, only you'll not let me." "I should rather think not, Master Fred." Then she had gone off with her aunt, and ordered her wedding-clothes. But now as she prepared for bed after the conversation which has just been recorded, she began to think in earnest whether it would not be well to dispense with white silk and orange wreaths while so many were dispensing with—were forced to dispense with bread and fuel. Could she bestir herself with finery from Liverpool, while her uncle was, as she well knew, refusing himself a set of new shirts which he wanted sorely, in order that he might send to the fund at Liverpool the money which they would cost him. He was throwing in his two mites daily, as was her aunt, who toiled unceasingly at woollen shawls and woollen stockings, so that she went on knitting even in her sleep. But she, Nora, since the earnestness of these bad days began, had done little or nothing. Her needle, indeed, had been very busy, but it had been busy in preparation for Mr. Frederic F. Frew's nuptials. Even Bob and Charley worked for the Relief Committee; but she had done nothing; nothing but given her two pounds. She had offered four, but her uncle, with a self-restraint never before or afterwards practised by him, had checked her back two, saying that he would not be too hard even upon an Amalekite. As she thought of the word, she asked herself whether it was or not more incumbent on her, than on any one else, to do something in the way of self-sacrifice. She was now a Briton, but would shortly be an American. Should it be said of her that the distress of her own countrywomen, the countrywomen whom she was leaving, did not wring her heart? It was not without a pang that she prepared to give up that nationality, which all its owners rank as the first in the world, and all who do not own it, rank, if not as the first, then as the second. Now it seemed to her as though she were deserting her own family in the time of distress, deserting her own ship in the time of storm, and she was going over to those from whom the distress and the storm had come! Was it not needful that she should

do something; that she should, at least, do something that she had been willing to offer in the past?"

She would throw in her two mites if she only knew where to find them. "I could only do it in truth," she said to herself, as she rose from her pillow, "by throwing in to him. I have got one very great treasure; but I have not got anything else that I care about. After all, it isn't so easy to be a widow with two mites." Then she sat down and thought about it. As to postponing her marriage, that she knew to be in truth quite out of the question. Even if she could bring herself to do it, everybody about her would say that she was mad, and Mr. Frederic F. Frew might not so patiently tolerate himself with one of those pretty phrases which he sometimes brought out from Liverpool for her to play with. But it was not possible for her to give up her wedding-dress! There would be considerable difficulty even in this, as to their having been ordered, that might be overcome by the method of some portion of the price. But then her aunt said even her uncle would oppose her; her cousin would cover her with ridicule—in the latter matter she might, however, achieve something of her widowhood;—and, after all, the plan would fall more upon F. F. Frew than upon herself. She really did not care for herself on what clothes she married, so that she was made his wife. But as regarded him, might it not be disagreeable to him to stand before the altar with a dowry costume in an old gown? And then there was one other consideration. Would it not seem that she was throwing in her two mites publicly before the eyes of all men, as a Pharise might do it? Would there not be an ostentation in her widowhood? But as she continued to reflect, she cast this last thought behind her. It might be so said of her, but if such saying were untrue, if the offering were made in a widow's spirit, and not in the spirit of a Pharisee, would it not be cowardly to regard what men might say? Such false consideration would make some part of the two mites. "I'll go into Liverpool about it on Monday," she said to herself as she finally tucked the clothes around her.

Early in the following morning she was up and out of her room, with the view of seeing her aunt before she came down to breakfast; but the first person she met was her uncle. He accosted her in one of the passages.

"What, Nora, this is early for you! Are you going to have a morning lover's walk with Frederic Franklin?"

"Frederic Franklin, as you choose to call him, uncle, never comes out of his room much before breakfast time. And it's raining hard."

"Such a lover as he is ought not to mind rain."

"But I should mind it, very much. But, uncle, I want to speak to you, very seriously. I have been making up my mind about something."

"There's nothing wrong, is there, my dear?"

"No; there's nothing very wrong. It is not exactly about anything being wrong. I hardly know how to tell you what it is. And then she paused, and he could see by the light of the candle in his hand that she blushed.

"Haven't you better speak to your aunt?" said Mr. Granger.

"That's what I meant to do when I got up," said Nora; "but as I have met you, if you don't mind—"

He assured her that he did not mind, and putting his hand upon her shoulder carelessly, promised her any assistance in his power.

"I'm not afraid that you will ask anything I ought not to do for you."

Then she revealed to him her scheme, turning her face away from him as she spoke—

"It will be so horrid," she said, "to have a great box of finery coming home when you are all giving up everything for the poor people. And if you don't think it would be wrong—"

"It can't be wrong," said her uncle. "It may be a question whether it would be wise."

"I mean wrong to him. If it was to be any other clergyman, I should be ashamed of it. But as you are to marry us—"

"I don't think you need mind about the clergyman."



"What a little creature in her time; not because she was feeling herself to be misused, but because she knew that she could not explain herself further. She could not tell her uncle that the poor among the Jews might have been relieved without the contribution of those two mites, but she felt that the widow would have lost all had she not so contributed. She had hardly arranged her thoughts as to the double blessing of charity, and certainly could not express them with reference to her own case; but she felt the need of giving in this time of trouble something that she herself valued. She was right when she said that it was hard to be a widow. How many among us, when we give, give from off our own backs, and from out of our own mouths? Who can say that he has sacrificed a want of his own; that he has abandoned a comfort; that he has worn a threadbare coat, when coats with their glaze on have been his customary wear; that he has fared roughly in cold soup, whereas a well-spread board has been his usual daily portion? He who has done so, has thrown in his two mites, and for him will charity produce her double blessing.

Nora thought that it was not well in her uncle to tell her that he could do without her wedding-dress. Of course he could do without them. But she soon threw those words behind her, and went back upon the words which had preceded them: "The bridegroom has a right to expect that the bride shall come to him fairly arrayed." After all, that must depend upon circumstances. Suppose the bride had not the means of arraying herself fairly without getting into debt; what would the bridegroom expect in that case? "If he'll consent, you will," she said, as she prepared to leave her uncle.

"You'll drive him to offer to pay for the things himself."

"I dare say he will, and then he'll drive me to refuse. You may be quite sure of this, uncle, that whatever clothes I do wear, he will never see the bill of them; and then that conference was ended.

"I've made that calculation again," said Bob at breakfast, "and I feel convinced that if an Act of Parliament could be passed restricting the consumption of food in Christmas week, the entire week, mind, to that of ordinary weeks, we should get two millions of money, and that those two millions would tide us over till the Indian cotton comes in. Of course I mean by food, butchers' meat, groceries, spirits, and wines. Only think, that by one measure, which would not entail any real disappointment on any one, the whole thing would be done."

"But the Act of Parliament wouldn't give us the money," said his father.

"Of course I don't really mean an Act of Parliament; that would be absurd. But the people might give up their Christmas dinners."

"A great many will, no doubt. Many of those most in earnest are pretty nearly giving up their daily dinners. Those who are indifferent will go on feasting the same as ever. You can't make a sacrifice obligatory."

"It would be no sacrifice if you did," said Nora, still thinking of her wedding-dress.

"I doubt whether sacrifices ever do any real good," said Frederick F. Frew.

"Oh, Fred," said Nora.

"We have rather high authority as to the benefit of self-denial," said the parson.

"A man who can't sacrifice himself must be selfish," said Bob; "and we are all agreed to hate selfish people."

"And what about the widow's mite?" said Mrs. Granger.

"That's all very well, and you may knock me down with the Bible if you like, as you might do also if I talked about pre-Adamite formations. I believe every word of the Bible, but I do not believe that I understand it all thoroughly."

"You might understand it better if you studied it more," said the parson.

"Very likely. I won't be so uncourteous as to say the same thing of my elders. But now, about these sacrifices. You wouldn't wish to keep people in distress that you might benefit yourself by releasing them?"

"But the people in distress are there," said Nora.

"They oughtn't to be there; and as your self-sacrifices, after all, are very insufficient to prevent distress, there certainly seems to be a question open whether some other mode should not be tried. Give me the country in which the humanitarian principle is so exercised that no one shall be degraded by the receipt of charity. It seems to me that you like poor people here in England that you may gratify yourselves by giving them, not as much to eat as they want, but just enough to keep their skins from falling off their bones. Charity may have its double blessing, but it may also have its double curse."

"Not charity, Mr. Frew," said Mrs. Granger.

"Look at your Lady Bountiful."

"Of course it depends on the heart," continued the lady; "but charity, if it be charity—"

"I'll tell you what," said Frederick F. Frew, interrupting her. "In Philadelphia, which is some matters is the best organized city I know—"

"I'm going down to the village," said the parson, jumping up; "who is to come with me?" and he escaped out of the room before Frew had an opportunity of saying a word further about Philadelphia.

"That's the way with your uncle always," said he, turning to Nora, almost in anger. "It certainly is the most conclusive argument I know—that of coming away."

"Mr. Granger meant it to be conclusive," said the older lady.

"But the pity is that it never convinces."

"Mr. Granger probably had no desire of convincing."

"Ah! Well, it does not signify," said Frew. "When a man has a pulse of his own, why should he trouble himself to argue in any place where counter arguments must be met and sustained?"

Nora was almost angry with her lover, whom she regarded as stronger and more clever than any of her uncle's family, but tyrannical and sometimes overbearing in the use of his strength. One by one her aunt and cousin left the room, and she was left alone with him. He had taken up a newspaper as a refuge in his wrath, for in truth he did not like the manner in which his allusions to his own country were generally treated at the parsonage. There are Englishmen who think that every man differing with them is bound to bat with them on any point in dispute. "Then you decline to back your opinion," such men say when the bat is refused. The feeling of an American is the same as to those who are unwilling to argue with him. He considers that every intelligent being is bound to argue whenever matter of argument is offered to him; nor can he understand that any subject may be too sacred for argument. Frederick F. Frew, on the present occasion, was as a dog from whose very mouth a bone had been taken. He had given one or two loud, open growls, and now sat with his newspaper, showing his teeth as far as the spirit of the thing went. And it was in this humor that Nora found herself called upon to attack him on the question of her own proposed charity. She knew well that he could bark, even at her, if things went wrong with him. "But then he never bites," she said to herself. He had told her that she might come to her wedding in an old cloak if she pleased, but she had understood that there was nothing serious in this permission. Now, at this very moment, it was incumbent on her to open his eyes to the reality of her intention.

"Fred," she said, "are you reading that newspaper because you are angry with me?"

"I am reading the newspaper because I want to know what there is in it."

"You know all that now, just as well as if you had written it. Put it down, sir!" And she put her hand on the top of the sheet. "If we are to be married in three weeks' time, I expect that you will be a little attentive to me now. You'll read as many papers as you like after that, no doubt."

"Upon my word, Nora, I think your uncle is the most unfair man I ever met in my life."

"Perhaps he thinks the same of you, and that will make it equal."

"He can't think the same of me. I defy him to think that I'm unfair. There's nothing so unfair as biting a blow, and then running away when the time comes for receiving the counterblow. It's what your Lord Chatham did, and he never ought to have been listened to in Parliament again."

"That's a long time ago," said Nora, who probably felt that her lover should not talk to her about Lord Chatham just three weeks before their marriage.

"I don't know that the time makes any difference."

"Ah—but I have got something else that I want to speak about. And, Fred, you mustn't turn up your nose at what we are all doing here, as to giving away things, I mean."

"I don't turn up my nose at it. Haven't I been begging every American in Liverpool till I'm ashamed of myself?"

"I know you have been very good, and now you must be more good still,—good to me specially, I mean.—That isn't being good. That's only being foolish. What little ceremony had led to this last assertion I need not perhaps explain. "Fred, I'm an Englishwoman to-day, but in a month's time I shall be an American."

"I hope so, Nora,—heart and soul."

"Yes, that is what I mean. Whatever is my husband's country must be mine. And you know how well I love your country; do you not? I never run away when you talk to me about Philadelphia,—do I? And you know how I admire all your institutions—my institutions, as they will be."

"Now, I know you're going to ask some very great favor."

"Yes, I am; and I don't mean to be refused, Master Fred. I'm to be an American almost to-morrow, but as yet I am an Englishwoman, and I am bound to do what little I can before I leave my country. Don't you think so?"

"I don't quite understand."

"Well, it's about my wedding clothes. It does seem stupid talking about them, I know. But I want you to let me do without them altogether. Now you've got the plain truth. I want to give Uncle Robert the money for his soup-kitchen, and to be married just as I am now. I do not care one straw what any other creature in the world may say about it, so long as I do not displease you."

"I think it's nonsense, Nora."

"Oh, Fred, don't say so. I have set my heart upon it. I'll do anything for you afterwards. Indeed, for the matter of that, I'd do anything on earth for you, whether you agree or whether you do not. You know that."

"But, Nora, you wouldn't wish to make yourself appear foolish? How much money will you save?"

"Very nearly twenty pounds altogether."

"Let me give you twenty pounds, so that you may leave it with your uncle by way of your two mites, as you call it."

"No, no; certainly not. I might just as well send you the milliner's bill; might I not?"

"I don't see why you shouldn't do that."

"Ah, but I do. You wouldn't wish me to be guilty of the pretence of giving a thing away, and then doing it out of your pocket. I have no doubt that what you are saying about the evil of promiscuous charity is quite true."

"And then, as she flattered him with this wicked flattery, she looked up with her bright eyes into his face. "But now, as the things are, we must be charitable, or the people will die. I feel almost like a rat leaving a falling house, in going away at this time; and if you would postpone it—"

"Nora!"

"Then I must be like a rat; but I won't be a rat in a white silk gown. Come, now, say that you agree. I never asked you for anything before."

"Everybody will think that you're mad, and that I'm mad, and that we are all mad together."

"Because I go to church in a merino dress? Well; if that makes madness, let us be mad. Oh, Fred, do not refuse me the first thing I've asked you! What difference will it make? Nobody will know it over in Philadelphia!"

"Then you are ashamed of it?"

"No; not ashamed. Why should I be ashamed? But one does not wish to have that sort of thing talked about by everybody."

"And you are so strong-minded, Nora, that you do not care about finery yourself?"

"Fred, that's ill-natured. You know very well what my feelings are. You are sharp enough to understand them without any further explanation. I do like finery; quite well enough, as you'll find out to your cost some day. And if ever you could me for extravagance, I shall tell you about this."

"It's downright Quixotism."

"Quixotism leads to nothing, but this will lead to twenty pounds' worth of soap;—and to something else too."

When he pressed her to explain what that something else was, she declined to speak further on the subject. She could not tell him that the satisfaction she desired was that of giving up something—of having made a sacrifice—of having thrown into the treasury her two mites—two mites off her own back, as she had said to her aunt, and out of her own mouth. He had taxed her with indifference to a woman's usual delight in gay plumage, and had taxed her most unjustly. "He ought to know," she said to herself, "that I should not take all this trouble about it, unless I did care for it." But, in truth, he did understand her motives thoroughly, and half approved them. He approved the spirit of self-abandonment, but disapproved the false political economy by which, according to his light, that spirit was accompanied.

"After all," said he, "the widow would have done better to have invested her small capital in some useful trade."

"Oh, Fred—but never mind now. I have your consent, and now I've only got to talk over my aunt. So saying, she left her lover to turn over in his mind the first principles of that large question of charity.

"The giving of pence and halfpence, of scraps of bread and sups of soup, is, after all, but the charity of a barbarous, half-civilized race. A dog would let another dog starve before he gave him a bone, and would see his starved fellow-dog die without a pang. We have just got beyond that, only beyond that, as long as we dole out sups of soup. But charity, when it shall have made itself perfect, will have destroyed this little trade of giving, which makes the giver vain and the receiver humble. The Charity of the large-hearted is that which opens to every man the profit of his own industry; to every man and to every woman." Then having gratified himself with the enunciation of this fine theory, he allowed his mind to run away to a smaller subject, and began to think of his own wedding garments. If Nora insisted on carrying out this project of hers, in what guise must he appear on the occasion? He also had ordered new clothes. "It's just the sort of thing that they'll make a story of in Chestnut Street," Chestnut Street, as we all know, is the West End of Philadelphia.

When the morning came of the twelfth of January—the morning that was to make Nora Field a married woman, she had carried her point; but she was not allowed to feel that she had carried it triumphantly. Her uncle had not forbidden her scheme, but had never encouraged it. Her lover had hardly spoken to her on the subject since the day on which she had explained to him her intention. "After all, it's a mere bagatelle," he had said; "I am not going to marry your clothes." One of her cousins, Bob, had approved; but he had coupled his approval with an intimation that some thing should be done to prevent any other woman from wearing bridal wreaths for the next three months. Charley had condemned her altogether, pointing out that it was bad policy to feed the cotton spinners at the expense of the milliners. But the strongest opposition had come from her aunt and the Miss Fosters. Mrs. Granger, though her heart was in the battle which her husband was fighting, could not endure to think that all the time-honored ceremonies of her life should be abandoned. In spite of all that was going on around her, she had insisted on having mince-pies on the table on Christmas-day. True, there were not many of them, and they were small and flavorless. But the mince-pies were there, with whiskey to burn with them instead of brandy, if any of the party chose to go through the ceremony. And to her idea of a wedding without wedding-clothes was very grievous. It was she who had told Nora that she was a widow with two mites, or might make herself one, if she chose to encounter self-sacrifices. But in so saying she had by no means anticipated such a widowhood as this. "I really think, Nora, you might have one of those thinner silks, and you might do without a wreath; but you should have a veil—indeed you should." But Nora was obstinate. Having overcome her future lord, and quitted her uncle, she was not at all prepared to yield to the mild remonstrances of her aunt. The two Miss Fosters were very much shocked, and for three days there was a disagreeable coolness between them and the Plumstock family. A friend's bridal is always an occasion for a new dress, and the Miss Fosters naturally

felt that they were being robbed of their rights.

"Sensible girl," said old Mr. Foster, when he heard of it. "When you're married, if ever you are, I hope you'll do the same."

"Indeed we won't, papa," said the two Miss Fosters. But the coolness gradually subsided, and the Miss Fosters consented to attend in their ordinary Sunday bonnets.

It had been decided that they should be married early, at eight o'clock; that they should then go to the parsonage for breakfast, and that the married couple should start for London immediately afterwards. They were to remain there for a week, and then return to Liverpool for one other remaining week before their final departure for America.

"I should only have had them on for about an hour if I'd got them, and then it would have been almost dark," she said to her aunt.

"Perhaps it won't signify very much," her aunt replied. Then when the morning came, it seemed that the sacrifice had dwindled down to a very little thing. The two Miss Fosters had come to the parsonage over night, and as they sat up with the bride over a bedroom fire, had been good-natured enough to declare that they thought it would be very good fun.

"You won't have to get up in the cold to dress me," said Nora, "because I can do it all myself; that will be one comfort."

"Oh, we shouldn't have minded that; and as it is, of course, we'll turn you out nice. You'll wear one of your other new dresses; won't you?"

"Oh, I don't know; just what I'm to travel in. It isn't very old. Do you know after all I'm not sure that it isn't a great deal better."

"I suppose it will be the same thing in the end," said the younger Miss Foster.

"Of course it will," said the elder.

"And there won't be all that bother of changing my dress," said Nora.

Frederick F. Frew came out to Plumstock by an early train from Liverpool, bringing with him a countryman of his own as his friend on the occasion. It had been explained to the friend that he was to come in his usual habiliments.

"Oh, nonsense," said the friend, "I guess I'll see you turned off in a new waistcoat."

But Frederick F. Frew had made it understood that an old waistcoat was imperative.

"It's something about the cotton, you know. They're all beside themselves here, as though there was never going to be a bit more in the country to eat. That's England all over. Never mind; do you come just as if you were going into your counting-house. Brown cotton gloves, with a hole in the thumb, will be the thing, I should say."

There were candles on the table when they were all assembled in the parsonage drawing-room previous to the marriage. The two gentlemen were there first. Then came Mrs. Granger, who rather frightened Mr. Frew by kissing him, and telling him that she should always regard him as a son-in-law.

"Nora has always been like one of ourselves, you know," she said, apologetically.

"And let me tell you, Master Frew," said the parson, "that you're a very lucky fellow to get her."

"I say, isn't it cold?" said Bob, coring in—"where are the girls?"

"Here are the girls," said Miss Foster, heading the procession of three which now entered the room, Nora, of course, being the last. Then Nora was kissed by everybody, including the strange American gentleman, who seemed to have made some mistake as to his privilege in the matter. But it all passed off very well, and I doubt if Nora knew who kissed her. It was very cold, and they were all wrapped close in their brown shawls and greatcoats, and the women looked very snug and comfortable in their ordinary winter bonnets.

"Come," said the parson, "we mustn't wait for Charley; he'll follow us to church." So the uncle took his niece on his arm, and the two Americans took the two bridesmaids, and Bob took his mother, and went along the beaten path over the snow to the church, and, as they got to the door, Charley rushed after them quite out of breath.

"I haven't even got a pair of gloves at all," he whispered to his mother.

"It doesn't matter; nobody's to know," said Mrs. Granger.

Nora by this time had forgotten the subject of her dress altogether, and it may be doubted if even the Misses Fosters were as keenly alive to it as they thought they would have been. For myself, I think they all looked more comfortable on that cold winter morning without the finery which would have been customary than they could have done with it. It had seemed to them all beforehand that a marriage without veils and wreaths, without white gloves and new, gay dresses, would be a *triste* affair; but the idea passed away altogether when the occasion came. Mr. Granger and his wife and the two ladies clustered round Nora as they made themselves ready for the ceremony, uttering words of warm love, and it seemed as though even the clerk and the servants took nothing amiss.

Frederick F. Frew had met with a rebuff in the hall of the parsonage, in being forbidden to take his own bride under his own arm; but when the time for action came, he bore no malice, but went through his work manfully. On the whole, it was a pleasant wedding, homely, affectionate, full of much loving greeting; not without many sob on the part of the bride and of Mrs. Granger, and some slight suspicion of an eagerly removed tear in the parson's eye; but this, at any rate, was certain, that the wedding-clothes were not missed. When they all sat down to their breakfast in the parsonage dining-room, that little matter had come to be clean forgotten. No one knew, not even the Misses Fosters, that there was anything at all extraordinary in their garb. Indeed, as to all gay apparel, we may say that we only miss it by comparison. It is very sad to be the wearer of the

only frock coat in company, to carry the one solitary black silk handkerchief at a dinner party. But I do not know but that a dozen men so arrayed do not seem to be as well dressed as though they had obeyed the latest rules of fashion as to their garments. One thing, however, had been made secure. That sum of twenty pounds, saved from the milliners, had been duly paid over into Mr. Granger's hands.

"It has been all very nice," said Mrs. Granger, still sobbing, when Nora went up stairs to tie on her bonnet before she started. "Only you are going?"

"Yes, I'm going now, aunt. Dear aunt! But, aunt, I have failed in one thing—absolutely failed."

"Failed in what, my darling?"

"There has been no widow's mite. It is not easy to be a widow with two mites."

"What you have given will be blessed to you, and blessed to those who will receive it."

"I hope it may; but I almost feel that I have been wrong in thinking of it so much. It has cost me nothing. I tell you, aunt, that it is not easy to be a widow with two mites."

When Mrs. Granger was alone with her husband after this, the two Miss Fosters having returned to Liverpool under the discreet protection of the two young Grangers, for they had positively refused to travel with no other companion than the strange American—she told him all that Nora had said.

"And who can tell us," he replied, "that it was not the same with the widow herself? She threw in all that she had, but who can say that she suffered aught in consequence? It is my belief that all that is given in a right spirit comes back instantly in this world, with interest."

"I wish my coals would come back," said Mrs. Granger.

"Perhaps you have not given them in a right spirit, my dear."

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MY PRETTY KATE.

My pretty Kate, I do not know  
The reason why I love you so  
Dorothy; but when a day  
Without your presence drags away,  
I feel as though a year had flown,  
And if the while be left alone.

Yet when a day I spend with thee,  
It scarcely seems an hour to me;  
Yet though no suicide am I,  
Nor very anxious am to die,  
My soul unmoved do hope surveys,  
That Kate may shorten all my days.

OF COURSE.—A little boy, not over ten years of age, was seen the other day cussing his mouth with "Cavendish," when a gentleman standing by, somewhat amused at the spectacle, asked him what he chewed tobacco for? "What do I chew tobacco for?" replied the urchin, "why, sir, I chew it to get the strength out of it, to be sure—what do you think I chew it for?"

JACOB BARKER OF NEW ORLEANS, about whom so much has been said lately, in his younger days, while an active member of the Society of Friends, got into a dispute one day with some one, and waxing very wrath, laid off his Quaker coat, and threatened to give his opponent a thrashing. This coming to the ears of some of the prominent members of the meeting, a committee was appointed to call upon friend B—, to deal with him for this evident breach of discipline. Jacob stoutly denied the charge. "But why did thee take off thy coat?" inquired one of the committee. "Because," said Jacob, "I was afraid the man would use personal violence, and I took off my coat that I might run the faster from him."

OPH—Was once engaged to paint a portrait of a lady, who, whenever she thought the painter was touching the mouth, screwed it up in a most ridiculous manner. Oph, who was a blunt man, said very quickly, "Madame, if you wish your mouth left off, I will omit it with pleasure."

AN EDITOR in Ohio thus writes to his subscribers: "We hope our friends will overlook our irregularities for the past few weeks. We are now located in the county jail, with sufficient force to insure the regular issue of our paper for the future."

MARY—Now, Harry, if you are a doctor, prescribe for me. I've had a very bad pain about my heart. What can I take? Dr. Harry—(Thinking this the best opportunity he has had)—I've no doubt as to what is the best remedy to take—take me!

MANY a philosopher who thought he had an exact knowledge of the whole human race, has been miserably cheated in the choice of a wife.

THE POST is God's, the future is thine—improve it well by repentance.

THE BOSTON COMMONWEALTH thinks that Mr. Seward is so fond of conciliation, that he would even begin a debate with a hungry tiger, thus:—"If the honorable gentleman from Bengal, Mr. Tiger, will only listen to me, he will admit, I am sure, that the free access of carnivora of his species to the social circle of ours, is inconsistent with the compromise of the Year One, &c., &c."

THE GARDNER JOURNAL says Mr. H. A. Morrell recently skated a distance of thirty miles in three hours and a half, walking four miles of the way.

PRY—A New York lawyer thus defines transcendentalism:—"It is two holes in a sand bank—a storm washes away the sand bank without disturbing the holes."

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Every person collecting names for the Sewing Machine Premium, should send the names with the money as fast as obtained, so that the subscribers may begin at once to receive their papers, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole number of names (30), and whole amount of money (\$60), is received, the machine will be duly forwarded.

Sample copies of THE POST sent gratis.

Address: DEACON & PETERSON, No. 219 Walnut St., Philad.

F. S.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

MY PRETTY KATE.

My pretty Kate, I do not know  
The reason why I love you so  
Dorothy; but when a day  
Without your presence drags away,  
I feel as though a year had flown,  
And if the while be left alone.

Yet when a day I spend with thee,  
It scarcely seems an hour to me;  
Yet though no suicide am I,  
Nor very anxious am to die,  
My soul unmoved do hope surveys,  
That Kate may shorten all my days.

OF COURSE.—A little boy, not over ten years of age, was seen the other day cussing his mouth with "Cavendish," when a gentleman standing by, somewhat amused at the spectacle, asked him what he chewed tobacco for? "What do I chew tobacco for?" replied the urchin, "why, sir, I chew it to get the strength out of it, to be sure—what do you think I chew it for?"

JACOB BARKER OF NEW ORLEANS, about whom so much has been said lately, in his younger days, while an active member of the Society of Friends, got into a dispute one day with some one, and waxing very wrath, laid off his Quaker coat, and threatened to give his opponent a thrashing. This coming to the ears of some of the prominent members of the meeting, a committee was appointed to call upon friend B—, to deal with him for this evident breach of discipline. Jacob stoutly denied the charge. "But why did thee take off thy coat?" inquired one of the committee. "Because," said Jacob, "I was afraid the man would use personal violence, and I took off my coat that I might run the faster from him."



### RATES OF ADVERTISING

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.  
 10¢ Payment is required in advance.

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**WHEELER & WILSON'S**  
**SEWING MACHINES.**  
**AT REDUCED PRICES.**

NEW YORK, November 22, 1914.

The enrollment of Migration agencies, now met upon the recent arrivals of the United States Courts, which condemn the selling of the same and interfere their intelligence, and to benefit the public by improving the prices of our SEWING MACHINES. They are now sold with suitable improvements at the following reduced

**PRICES:**

No. 1 MACHINES, SILVER PLATED, with  
Full Case, Polished Rosewood, \$100.00  
Half Case, Polished Rosewood, 75.00  
Full Case, Painted, Black Walnut, 75.00  
Plain Table, 50.00

No. 2 MACHINES, PLAIN, with  
Half Case, Polished Black Walnut 75.00

or marriage,  
Half Case, Pencil,  
Plain Table, \$10.00  
\$0.00  
\$1.00

The HIGHEST PREMIUM has been  
awarded for the WHEELER & WILSON  
SEWING MACHINES, at the WORLD'S  
FAIR, now being held in London, England,  
with all other Sewing Machines in competition.

(The number 5, plain table, worth \$40) of the  
first list, is the machine we are now offering as  
PREMIUM for THE POST—see Prospectus. We  
will arrange for either of the other machines  
manufactured by Wheeler & Wilson, at a pro-  
portionate increase of subscribers and money.

DEACON & PETERSON,  
Publishers Saturday Evening Post.]

**PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS**

FOR THE  
AND PORTRAITS OF FRIENDS AND OTHERS.

Photographic Pictures are now taken so easily, and are so cheap, as to leave no excuse for a man not to gratify a relation or friend by leaving one's portrait in their hands. But photographs, singly taken, will soon tarnish, warp, and lose their natural beauty. Hence the necessity of a Photograph Album, for the safe and lasting retention of the whole. It constitutes a "Family Record," and the display and proper preservation of the same. Photographs of the Family, or of friends and others, which for beauty of design and completeness of execution, have yet been equalled, are adapted to the pocket of the traveller, the parlor and centre table of every home, and are so useful as well as so pretty, that wherever one is introduced, more are sure to follow. Therefore, in buying a new Photograph Album, as the Album in which a family group is all gathered together in this way, soon becomes inestimable value.

For a regular list of kind's and prices we refer to the Saturday Evening Post of January 17--or a number for two months previous to that date. For such a list will be forwarded by writing to

**DEACON & PETERSON, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.**

**H E A D E R !**—If you want employment, or want the best (Two-threaded) **SEWING MACHINE** ever manufactured, send to **ISAAC ALLEN, JR., & CO., Newbury Mass.**, for a descriptive circular of terms, &c. They pay a regular salary, or allow commission, as the Agent you choose.

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**R. DOLLARD,**  
516 Chestnut Street.  
PHILADELPHIA.  
**PREMIER ARTISTE**

**HAIR.**

Inventor of the celebrated **GOSMAMER VENTILATING WIG** and **BLASTING HAND-TOUCHER**.  
Directions to clean Ladies and gentlemen to secure their own heads with accuracy.

*For Wigs, Inches.*      *Toupees and Shampoos.*  
1. 1.—The round of the head.      *Inches.*  
2.—From forehead back as far as the crown of the head.

neck. 3.—Over forehead  
4.—From ear to ear  
round the forehead.  
It has always ready for sale splendid stock  
of Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, half Wigs,  
gots, Braids, Curis, &c., beautifully manufac-  
tured, and as cheap as any establishment in the  
Union. Letters from any part of the world will re-  
ceive attention. north-westly

**A PYRAMID OF FACTS**

Concerning

**RISTADORA'S HAIR DYE,**

It is  
Pure,  
Poisonless,  
Instantaneous,  
Imparts a perfect Black,  
or a magnificent Brown, in the  
space of ten minutes; is odorless,  
does not stain the skin, and has never  
been known to fail!

**RISTADORA'S EXCELSIOR HAIR DYE**

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,  
No. 6 Astor House, New York.  
Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair  
dressers.  
Price, \$1, \$1.50 and \$3 per box, according to size.  
**Cristadoro's Hair Preservative**  
Invaluable with this Dye, as it imparts the ut-  
most softness, the most beautiful gloss, and great  
elasticity to the Hair.  
Price, 50 cents, \$1 and \$2 per bottle, according  
to size. Small comb

**DO YOU WANT LUXURANT  
WHISKY FLOW OR MORE GRACE?**  
You will find these two to grow heavily in  
weeks (upon the smoothest skin) without  
a mark or injury to the skin. Price \$1—sent by  
A. L. post free, to any address, on receipt of a  
check or money order to E. G. GRAHAM,  
109 Nassau St., New York City.

**THE CONFESSIONS AND EXPERI-  
ENCE OF AN INVALID.**—Published  
the benefit and as a warning and a caution to  
suffering men who suffer from Nervous Debility,  
Impure Blood, etc., supplying all the wants

the means of Self-Cure. By one who has  
himself after being put to great expense  
in medical imposition and quackery. By  
means a post-paid addressed envelope, at  
may be had of the author.

**NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Rec.**  
Bedford, Kings Co., N. Y.



## Will and Humor.

## A CALIFORNIA STORY.

We copy the following California story, which is said to be a true warning against profligacy. A San Francisco contributor writes:—

"In the northern part of this State is a stream called Yuba river. Across it some enterprising individual built a bridge; and on the banks somebody else built three or four houses. The inhabitants called the place Yuba Dam. Three bars were instantly erected, and the 'town' increased rapidly. About noon one day a traveler and a seafarer in the land passed this flourishing locality, and seeing a long-legged specimen of humanity in a red shirt smoking before one of the bars, then addressed him:

"Hello!"

"Hello?" replied the shirt, with vigor, removing his pipe from his mouth.

"What place is this?" demanded the traveler, whose name was Thompson.

"The answer of the shirt was unexpected:

"Yuba Dam!"

"There was about fifty yards between them, and the wind was blowing. Mr. Thompson thought he had been mistaken.

"What did you say?" he asked.

"Yuba Dam," replied the stranger, cheerfully.

"What place is this?" roared Mr. Thompson.

"Yuba Dam!" said the shirt, in a slightly elevated tone of voice.

"Look here!" yelled the frate Thompson; "I asked you politely what place this was; why in thunder don't you answer?"

"The stranger became excited. He rose and replied with the voice of an 80 pounder.

"Yuba Dam! Do you hear that?"

"In a minute Thompson, burning with the wrath of the righteous, jumped off his horse and advanced on the stranger with an expression not to be mistaken. The shirt arose and assumed a posture of offence and defence.

"Arrived within a yard of him, Thompson said:

"I ask you for the last time. What place is this?"

"Putting his hands to his mouth, his opponent roared:

"Yuba Dam!"

"The next minute they were at it. First, Thompson was down; then the shirt; and then it was a dog-fall—that is, both were down. They rolled about, kicking up a tremendous dust. They squirmed around so energetically that you'd have thought they had a dozen legs instead of four. It looked like a prize fight between two pugilistic centipedes. Finally they both rolled off the bank and into the river. The water cooled them. They went down together, but came up separate, and put out for the shore. Both reached it about the same time, and Thompson scrambled up the bank, mounted the warlike steed, and made tracks, leaving his foe gouging the mud out of one of his eyes.

"Having left the business portion of the town—that is to say, the corner where the three bars were kept—he struck a house in the suburbs, before which a little girl of about four years of age was playing.

"What place is this, Miss?" he asked.

"The little girl, frightened at the drowned rat figure which the stranger cut, streaked it for the house. Having reached the door she stopped, turned and squealed, 'Oo-see Dam!'

"Good Heavens!" said Thompson, digging his heels between his horse's ribs—

"Good Heavens!" let me get out of this horrible place, where not only the men, but the very babes and sucklings, swear at inoffensive travellers!"

ANOTHER PERFUMERY STORY.—When "boarding round" was the fashion with school teachers, Farmer A. on coming to the house at tea time, was introduced to the "school ma'am." In a moment he perceived a strong odor of musk which came from the school ma'am's clothing. He, entirely ignorant of the cause, immediately charged it on Ponto, who had a strong propensity for hunting muskrats, and at once commanded him: "Ponto, you scamp, you have been killing muskrats; go out doors, sir, and get sweet-scented off. But Ponto did not stir, and Farmer A. spoke again more sharply. "Get out, you'll scent the whole house." The school ma'am by this time was blushing red as crimson, while the girls and the boys could scarcely keep from bursting into laughter. One of them, unnoticed, at last made their father understand how the matter stood, and he, of course, dropped the subject. The evening passed away rather awkwardly with all, and the teacher failed to return the next day. On her account the affair was kept quiet until after she left the neighborhood, when many years the heavy laughs had over Farmer A.'s error and the schoolma'am's discomfiture. She omitted musk thereafter.—*American Agriculturist.*

TERACITY OF LIFE.—A few evenings since there was a learned dissertation—subject:— "Bed-bugs and their remarkable tenacity of life." One asserted of his own knowledge that they could be boiled and then come to life. Some had soaked them for hours in turpentine without any fatal consequences. Old Hanks, who had been listening as an outsider, here gave in his experience in corroborating of the facts. Says he: "Some years ago I took a bed bug to an iron foundry, and dropping it into a ladle where the melted iron was, had it run into a skillet. Well, my old woman said that skillet pretty constant for the last six years, and here the pretty thing is as good as new, and what do you think, gentlemen, that 'ere insect just walked out of his hole, where he had been layin' like a bug in a rock, and made tracks for his old run-up again." "But," added he, by way of a postscript, "he looked mighty pale."

## TWENTY-ONE MAJORITY.

It is not often we hear of a *majority* report (then the following:—J. D. Lyman, cashier of the Farmington Bank, though a great wit, possesses the dignified qualifications for presiding at something unequalled by any man in this town, and consequently at all august assemblies, such as political demonstrations, war meetings, elections, &c., he has to take the chair. At the late election friend Lyman was moderator, and just as the polls were being closed, and the vanquished politicians were getting noisy, and ready for a knock down with any one who should have the politeness to tread on their coat-tails, a rough, double-breasted shoulder-bitter pushed through the crowd, swinging his long arms indiscriminately at friend or foe, and exclaimed—

"I say, you Moderator, how much behindhand is my candidate?"

"Twenty-one votes," politely replied the cashier.

"Well, don't that beat the devil!" screeched the infuriated man, looking around for a chance to hit some one.

"By just twenty-one majority!" was the quick and witty reply.

SLEEPINESS OF ENGLISH CLIMATE.

For five or six months in the year the climate in England must be absolutely weary to one accustomed to the bright sunlight and brilliant starlight of the mornings and evenings in America. From November to April, it is, as a general rule, not fairly light till nine or ten o'clock in the morning, and dark so early that the gas has to be lighted at four, and often at three, P. M. But there is an advantage in this duller atmosphere, not *per se*, but in reference to the habits of the people of the two nations. The English climate has a quieting, soothing, in a certain sense, torpidifying, influence on the brain and nervous system. The climate of America is more exciting and inspiring. This fact, *per se*, is wholly in favor of the American climate. But as the people of both nations are habitually addicted to stimulating viands, it tells in favor of the English. The English, because of the sedative influences of their climate, can bear artificial stimulus much better than the Americans. Not that it is useful; it is only less injurious. The fact that the American lives under circumstances continually exciting his nervous system, while the English live under just the opposite influences, explains, we think, the more destructive effects of tea, tobacco, and alcoholic beverages on the former than on the latter.

An Englishman can drop to sleep much more easily than an American. This is strikingly noticeable on the cars. As soon as the train is fairly under way, the passengers generally begin to doze, and many of them fall asleep. An American commences reading a book or a newspaper; and sleeping on a rail in this country is a rare exception, instead of a general rule. An English gentleman, who had travelled considerably in the United States, remarked to us, in allusion to the different habits of English and American railroad travellers:—"In your country peddlers go through the cars and sell cakes, candies, fruits, books, papers and toys, as they do in the streets of our cities, and the passengers eat or read. We go to sleep." The great secret of the superior health of the English is the greater amount of quiet sleep. The Americans, as a nation, are wearing out prematurely for want of rest.—*Dr. Trall.*

## LESSON IN COMPOSITION.

Dr. Murray pursued his collegiate course at Williamsstown, during the presidency of that acute and accomplished critic, the Rev. Dr. Griffin. In his fourth year he was brought into more immediate contact with the venerable president, whose duty it was to examine and criticize the written exercises of the graduating class. Dr. Murray, when a young man, and even down to the day of his last illness, wrote a free, round and beautiful hand; and his exercise at this time, which was to undergo the scrutiny of his venerated preceptor, had been prepared with uncommon neatness and accuracy. Dr. Griffin was accustomed to use a quill pen with a very broad nib.

Introduced into his august presence, young Murray, with becoming diffidence, presented his elegantly written piece for the ordeal. The discerning eyes of the president passed over the manuscript with a keen and critical eye, and with a benign look, he turned to his pupil, and said in his peculiar way:—

"Murray, what do you mean by this first sentence?"

Murray answered, blushing:

"I mean so and so, sir."

"Then say so, Murray," and at the same time drew his pen through line after line, striking out about one-third of it.

Having carefully read the next sentence, the venerable critic again inquired:—

"Murray, what do you mean by this?"

He tremblingly replied:

"Doctor, I mean so and so."

"Please just to say so," striking out again about one-half of the beautifully written page.

In this way, with his broad nib, (which made no clean mark) he proceeded to deface the nice clean paper of the young collegian, so that the close of the exercise, the erasure nearly equalled all that remained of the carefully written manuscript.

This trying scene was not lost upon young Murray. He considered it one of the most important events of his collegiate course. It taught him to think and write concisely; and when he had anything to say, to say it, in a simple, direct, and intelligible manner.

Indeed, much that distinguished him, as one of our most vigorous and pointed writers, may be attributed to that early lesson. "Say so, Murray."

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## NOTWITHSTANDING THE INSINUATIONS OF A CERTAIN ENEMY.

JONES IS NOT AFRAID OF HIS SHADOW.

"Now, then, you scoundrel—I know what you're at—and if you're not off, I'll shoot you!"

## A COTTAGE SCENE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

We sat by our cottage fireside,  
Mother, sister, and I,  
Reading of dreadful battles,  
With many a heaving sigh.

Our mother was pale and feeble,  
And all our hearts were sore,  
For her son, our only brother,  
Had been for months in the war.

We feared for our falling mother,  
Watching her closely the while,  
We wondered to see her sad, pale face,  
Light up with a dreamy smile.

"Is it strange," she said, "that I'm smiling?  
Ah, you see not what I see!  
My boy's coming home from the battle,  
My son's coming home to me!"

"I see the smile of his childhood;  
The light in his laughing eye;  
My boy's coming home to mother,  
If he only comes to die."

Hark! The sound of wheels and of horses!  
They halt at our garden gate;  
God grant it is our brother,  
That he comes ere it be too late.

Up rose our trembling mother,  
The coming steps to greet;  
Four men walked in with their burden,  
And laid it at her feet.

"I knew you were coming, darling;  
We will never be parted more!"  
And mother and son together  
Lay dead on our cottage floor.

January 14th, 1863. AUNT ALICE.

## A SHORT CHAPTER ON BONNETS.



The Fashion in 1860. The present Style.

What next?

## DIGESTION ASSISTED.

No branch of chemistry has of late years made greater progress than that relating to the functions of the human body. By the analysis of the blood we learn that it contains iron and soda; the brain yields phosphorus; the hair contains sulphur. It is obvious, therefore, that these materials play a certain part in our well-being, and that if they are not supplied to the frame by our daily food, the result will be a derangement of our organization, which will exhibit itself in the shape of a disease of some kind or other. Imperfect digestion is one of the commonest diseases of a sedentary life. Now it has been shown by Mr. W. Bastick that the stomach of a man in good health, who "eats his meal before he eats it," always contains lactic acid. Reasoning by a happy analogy Mr. Bastick conceived that lactic acid would assist digestion in those persons who suffer from dyspepsia; and experiments have confirmed the truth of his theory. No sooner was lactic acid administered to a patient troubled with dyspepsia (indigestion) than the stomach resumed its labor. Further to illustrate this fact, the process of digestion can be exhibited out of the stomach. Pieces of butcher's meat, fowl, fish, &c., being put into a solution of lactic acid and maintained at the temperature of the body, completely dissolve and become fluid, forming an artificial chyme ready for the absorbent vessels. Lactic acid takes its name from *lactis*, milk, because it is the acid found in sour milk. No wonder then that the highlanders of Scotland and North Wales, who drink buttermilk, are a hardy race of people and never troubled with indigestion, for buttermilk is little else than a weak solution of lactic acid (sour milk).—*Septimus Pense.*

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No branch of chemistry has of late years made greater progress than that relating to the functions of the human body. By the analysis of the blood we learn that it contains iron and soda; the brain yields phosphorus; the hair contains sulphur. It is obvious, therefore, that these materials play a certain part in our well-being, and that if they are not supplied to the frame by our daily food, the result will be a derangement of our organization, which will exhibit itself in the shape of a disease of some kind or other. Imperfect digestion is one of the commonest diseases of a sedentary life. Now it has been shown by Mr. W. Bastick that the stomach of a man in good health, who "eats his meal before he eats it," always contains lactic acid. Reasoning by a happy analogy Mr. Bastick conceived that lactic acid would assist digestion in those persons who suffer from dyspepsia; and experiments have confirmed the truth of his theory. No sooner was lactic acid administered to a patient troubled with dyspepsia (indigestion) than the stomach resumed its labor. Further to illustrate this fact, the process of digestion can be exhibited out of the stomach. Pieces of butcher's meat, fowl, fish, &c., being put into a solution of lactic acid and maintained at the temperature of the body, completely dissolve and become fluid, forming an artificial chyme ready for the absorbent vessels. Lactic acid takes its name from *lactis*, milk, because it is the acid found in sour milk. No wonder then that the highlanders of Scotland and North Wales, who drink buttermilk, are a hardy race of people and never troubled with indigestion, for buttermilk is little else than a weak solution of lactic acid (sour milk).—*Septimus Pense.*

The Fashion in 1860. The present Style.

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The Fashion in 1860. The present Style.

What next?

## A COTTAGE SCENE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

We sat by our cottage fireside,  
Mother, sister, and I,  
Reading of dreadful battles,  
With many a heaving sigh.

Our mother was pale and feeble,  
And all our hearts were sore,  
For her son, our only brother,  
Had been for months in the war.

We feared for our falling mother,  
Watching her closely the while,  
We wondered to see her sad, pale face,  
Light up with a dreamy smile.

"Is it strange," she said, "that I'm smiling?  
Ah, you see not what I see!  
My boy's coming home from the battle,  
My son's coming home to me!"

"I see the smile of his childhood;  
The light in his laughing eye;  
My boy's coming home to mother,  
If he only comes to die."

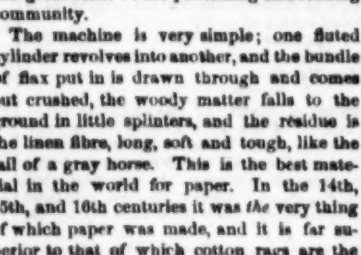
Hark! The sound of wheels and of horses!  
They halt at our garden gate;  
God grant it is our brother,  
That he comes ere it be too late.

Up rose our trembling mother,  
The coming steps to greet;  
Four men walked in with their burden,  
And laid it at her feet.

"I knew you were coming, darling;  
We will never be parted more!"  
And mother and son together  
Lay dead on our cottage floor.

January 14th, 1863. AUNT ALICE.

## A SHORT CHAPTER ON BONNETS.



The Fashion in 1860. The present Style.

What next?

## DIGESTION ASSISTED.

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